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# H Y M N S,

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR THE USE OF



THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,

AND

ALL LOVERS OF PIOUS DEVOTION.

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# H Y M N S.

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## BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

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1 L. M.

### *Being of God.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,  
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, & skies;  
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 He lives! the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the deep;  
The heavens with all their hosts he form'd,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 The rising sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame,  
Inscribes in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 4 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise  
Above the weak attempts of art;  
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,  
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 5 Ye curious minds who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of your God,  
Bow down before him and adore.

## 2

C. M.

*Eternity of God.*

- 1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist,  
Ere time began its race;  
Before the ample elements  
Fill'd up the void of space.
- 2 Before the pondrous earthly globe  
In fluid air was stay'd;  
Before the ocean's mighty springs  
Their liquid stores display'd.
- 3 Ere men ador'd or angels knew,  
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;  
Thy bliss, (O sacred spring of life!)  
And glory were the same.
- 4 And when the pillars of the world,  
With sudden ruin break,  
And all this vast and goodly frame,  
Sinks in the mighty wreck:
- 5 When from her orb the moon shall start,  
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;  
While all the trembling starry lamps  
Their ancient course forsake:
- 6 For ever permanent and fix'd,  
From agitation free,  
Unchang'd in everlasting years,  
Shall thy existence be.

## 3

L. M.

*Eternal and Sovereign God.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,  
Girded with majesty and might;

The world, created by his hands,  
Still on its first foundation stands.

- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundation laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies;  
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!  
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;  
Thy promise stands forever sure;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

4 S. M.

- 1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,  
Let all the nations fear;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
Let earth adore its Lord;  
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion stands his throne,  
His honors are divine;  
His church shall make his wonders known,  
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!  
How terrible his praise!  
Justice and truth and judgment join,  
In all his works of grace.

- 5 Exalt the Lord our God,  
     Whose grace is still the same ;  
 Still he's a God of holiness,  
     And jealous for his name.

5

C. M.

*God is glorious.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine !  
     How high thy wonders rise !  
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
     By thousands through the skies :  
 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power :  
     Their motions speak thy skill :  
 And on the wings of every hour  
     We read thy patience still.
- 2 Part of thy name divinely stands  
     On all thy creatures writ,  
 They show the labour of thy hands,  
     Or impress of thy feet ;  
 But when we view thy strange design  
     To save rebellious worms,  
 Where vengeance and compassion join  
     In their divinest forms :
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known,  
     Nor dares a creature guess  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
     The justice or the grace ;  
 Now the full glories of the Lamb,  
     Adorn the heavenly plains :  
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
     And try their choicest strains.
- 4 O may I bear some humble part  
     In that immortal song !

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Who sweetly all agree  
 To save a world of sinners lost,  
 Eternal glory be.

6

C. M.

*Trinity of God.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
 One God in persons three:  
 Of thee we make our joyful boast,  
 And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Present alike in every place,  
 Thy Godhead we adore:  
 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
 'Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite thou art,  
 Thine eye doth all things see;  
 And every thought of every heart,  
 Is fully known to thee.
- 4 Whate'er thou wilt in earth below,  
 Thou dost in heaven above;  
 But chiefly we rejoice to know  
 'Th' Almighty God of love.
- 5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,  
 Thy goodness we rehearse,  
 In shining characters display'd  
 Throughout our universe.
- 6 Mercy, with love and endless grace,  
 O'er all thy works doth reign;  
 But mostly thou delight'st to bless,  
 Thy favourite creature man.

- 7 Wherefore let every creature give  
To thee the praise design'd ;  
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
The hearts of all mankind.

7

C. M.

*Trinity.*

- 1 **A** THOUSAND oracles divine  
Their common beams unite ;  
That sinners may with angels join,  
To worship God aright.
- 2 To praise a Trinity ador'd  
By all the hosts above ;  
And one thrice holy God and Lord  
Through endless ages love.
- 3 Triumphant host ! they never cease  
To laud and magnify  
The Triune God of Holiness,  
Whose glory fills the sky.
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,  
When God himself imparts,  
And the whole Trinity descends  
Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,  
And challenge them to sing  
Jehovah, on his shining seat,  
Our Maker and our King.
- 6 But God made flesh, is wholly ours,  
And asks our noblest strain ;  
The Father of celestial powers,  
The Friend of earth-born man !



- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,  
With rapturous amaze  
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,  
For heaven's superior praise!
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,  
For us his crown resign'd;  
That fullness of the Deity,  
He died for all mankind!

S C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be our everlasting Lord,  
Our Father, God, and King,  
Thy sovereign goodness we record,  
Thy glorious power we sing.
- 2 By thee the victory is given:  
The majesty divine,  
And strength & might, and earth & heaven,  
And all therein is thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,  
Who dost thy right maintain;  
And high on thine eternal throne,  
O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,  
Thou dost, and honor, give;  
And kings their power and dignity  
Out of thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,  
Thy greatness to proclaim;  
And therefore now we thank our God,  
And praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,  
Thou dost to us make known;

And all the Deity is ours,  
Through thine incarnate Son.

9

L. M.

*Power of God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of our God ;  
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds :
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings :  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?  
We would adore our Maker too !  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;  
But O ! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below :  
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !  
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

10

L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power ;  
Ascribe due honors to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,  
Over the ocean and the land ;

- His voice divides the watery cloud,  
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks—and tempest, hail, and wind,  
 Lay the wide forest bare around ;  
 The fearful hart and frightened hind  
 Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,  
 And lo ! the stately cedars break ;  
 The mountains tremble at the noise,  
 The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood,  
 The thund'rer reigns for ever King ;  
 But makes his church his bless'd abode,  
 Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there the Lord  
 The counsels of his grace imparts ;  
 Amidst the raging storm his word  
 Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

## 11

## L. M.

*Power and dominion of God.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,  
 In robes of majesty array'd ;  
 His rule Omnipotence sustains,  
 And guides the worlds his hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,  
 Or ere the heavens were stretch'd abroad,  
 Thy awful throne was fix'd above ;  
 From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,  
 Aloud the angry tempests roar ;

- Lift their proud billows to the skies,  
And foam and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,  
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;  
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,  
The waves sink down in gentle peace.
- 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,  
Eternal holiness is thine ;  
And Lord, thy people shall be pure,  
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

## 12

L. M.

*The all-seeing God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me  
through ;  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 Within thy circling power I stand ;  
On every side I find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 4 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love ;  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light ;

Or dive to hell, where vengeance reigns,  
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

6 If, mounted on a morning ray,  
I fly beyond the western sea;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.

7 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night;  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes,  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

9 Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great God, they're both alike to thee:  
Not death can hide what God will spy;  
And hell lies naked to his eye.

10 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

13

C. M.

*Omniscience of God.*

1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee;  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,

My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within,  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secur'd by sovereign love.

## 14

## C. M.

1 **T**HE eye of God is everywhere  
To watch the sinner's ways;  
He sees who join in humble pray'r,  
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Can pierce and search us through;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from thy view!

3 The universe, in every part,  
At once before thee lies;  
And every thought of every heart,  
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise  
With fervent, holy love;  
And fit us by thy word of grace,  
To worship thee above.

15

L. M.

*Holiness of God.*

- 1 **H**OLY as thou, O Lord, is none !  
 Thy holiness is all thy own ;  
 A drop of that unbounded sea  
 Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,  
 Thy only glory we declare ;  
 And humbled into nothing, own,  
 Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,  
 By all thy heavenly hosts ador'd ;  
 Let all on earth bow down to thee,  
 And own thy peerless majesty :
- 4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,  
 Establish'd on the Rock of peace ;  
 The Rock that never shall remove,  
 The Rock of pure, almighty love.

16

L. M.

*The Justice of God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL King ! the greatest, best,  
 For ever glorious, ever blest ;  
 The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,  
 By seraphim and saints ador'd.
- 2 Justice the firm foundation lays  
 Of all thy laws, thy works and ways ;  
 Obedient souls will ever find  
 A God that's faithful, loving, kind.
- 3 But he who sins becomes accurs'd,  
 Or God would be no longer just :  
 Curs'd is the man who dares withdraw  
 Obedience from thy holy law.

- 4 Where then, great God, or how shall we  
Approach thy dreadful majesty !  
'Thy saered law we oft have broke,  
And stand obnoxious to thy stroke.
- 5 But O thou Holy, Just and True !  
Though justice must have all its due,  
'Thou canst be just, yet justify  
'The soul that doth on Christ rely.
- 6 O boundless wisdom, love and power !  
'Thy matchless mercy we adore,  
'That found out this amazing plan,  
'To save thy ruin'd creature, man.
- 7 We plead the suff'rings of thy Son ;  
We plead his righteousness alone ;  
He bore the curse, whencee thou art just  
In pard'ning those who were accurs'd.

## 17

C. M.

*Goodness of God.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of saered praise ;  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move ;  
But nobler benefits declare  
'The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms ;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.



- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;  
     'Tis here our hope relies ;  
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
     When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
     The souls who trust in thee ;  
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
     With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,  
     What honors shall we raise ?  
 Not all the raptur'd songs above  
     Can render equal praise.

18

C. M.

*Love of God.*

- 1 **C**OME ye that know and fear the Lord,  
     And lift your souls above ;  
 Let every heart and voice accord,  
     To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
     And all his mercies prove ;  
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,  
     To show that God is love.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
     Thunders his dreadful name ;  
 But Zion sings, in melting notes,  
     The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 In all his doctrines and commands,  
     His counsels and designs,  
 In every work his hands have fram'd,  
     His love supremely shines.

- 5 Angels and men the news proclaim,  
    'Thro' earth and heaven above,  
    The joyful and transporting news,  
    That God, the Lord, is love.

19

C. M.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
    Unmerited and free,  
    Delights our evil to remove,  
    And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,  
    Thou dost with sinners bear,  
    That sav'd we may thy goodness feel,  
    And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,  
    To every soul abound;  
    A vast unfathomable sea,  
    Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
    So plenteous is the store;  
    Enough for all, enough for each,  
    Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!  
    A rock that cannot move:  
    A thousand promises declare  
    Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
    Unalterably sure:  
    And while the truth of God remains,  
    His goodness must endure.

20

L. M.

*Perfections of God united.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE grace! and can it be  
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so  
To visit one so vile as I, [low,  
One who has been his bitt'rest foe?
- 2 Can holiness and wisdom join  
With truth, with justice, and with grace;  
To make eternal blessings mine,  
And sin with all its guilt erase?
- 3 O love! beyond conception great,  
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan!  
Where all divine perfections meet,  
To reconcile rebellious man!
- 4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And justice all her rights maintains!  
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,  
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,  
In Christ they both harmonious meet;  
He paid to justice all her due,  
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 6 Such are the wonders of our God,  
And such th' amazing depths of grace;  
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,  
The chosen sons of Adam's race.
- 7 With grateful songs then let our souls,  
Surround our gracious Father's throne;  
And all between the distant poles  
His truth and mercy ever own.

## THE SCRIPTURES.

—

21

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

22

L. M.

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought,  
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind ;

Here I can fix my hopes secure,  
'This is thy word, and must endure.

23

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath  
The oracles of truth inspir'd,  
And kings, and holy seers of old,  
With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.
- 2 Fill'd with thy great almighty power,  
Their lips with heavenly science flow'd;  
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,  
Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news  
Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood,  
And to a num'rous seeking crowd  
Mark'd out the path to his abode.
- 4 The powers of earth and hell in vain  
Against the sacred word combine;  
Thy providence through every age,  
Securely guards the book divine.
- 5 Thee, its great Author, source of light,  
Thee, its preserver, we adore;  
And humbly ask a ray from thee,  
Its hidden wonders to explore.

24

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;

- Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a sweet repast;  
Sublimers sweets than nature knows,  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind;  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 6 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight,  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light!
- 7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there!

## 25

## L. M.

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,  
That book of life, that sure record;

The bright inheritance of heaven  
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,  
Able to make us wise and blest ;  
The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye nations all, who read his love,  
In long epistles from above ;  
(He hath not sent his sacred word  
To every land,) praise ye the Lord.

26

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE counsels of redeeming grace  
The sacred leaves unfold :  
And here the Saviour's lovely face,  
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 2 Here light descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet ;  
Here promises of heavenly love,  
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,  
And all our wants supplied :  
Nought we can ask to make us blest,  
Is in this book denied.
- 4 For these inestimable gains,  
That so enrich the mind,  
O may we search with eager pains,  
Assur'd that we shall find.

27

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;

- Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun ;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives—but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat :  
His truth upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine,  
With beams of heavenly day.

## 28

## C. M.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord :  
And not a ray of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my griefs assuage ;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field, where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale.



- 5 O may thy counsels, mighty God!  
My roving feet command :  
Nor I forsake the happy road,  
That leads to thy right hand.

29

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,  
And meditate thy word,  
Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise :  
I hate the sinner's road ;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

## 30

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD, in the Gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame  
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The pris'ner here may break his chains,  
The weary rest from all his pains,  
The captive feel his bondage cease,  
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies ;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 Oh grant us grace, Almighty Lord,  
To read and mark thy holy word ;  
Its truth with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

## 31

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,  
To thee I lift my eyes ;  
Teach and instruct me by thy word,  
And make me truly wise.
- 2 Make me to know and understand  
Thy whole revealed will ;  
Fain would I learn to comprehend  
Thy love more clearly still.

- 3 Help me to read this volume o'er  
 With new and fresh delight,  
 Help me to love its Author more,  
 'To seek thee day and night.
- 4 O let it purify my heart,  
 And guide me all my days ;  
 Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,  
 And thou shalt have the praise.
- 

## THE FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

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32 C. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,  
 Adam, our father, stood,  
 Till he debased his soul to sense,  
 And ate th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
 To sinful joys inclined ;  
 Reason has lost its native place,  
 And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,  
 Sin is the sweetest good :  
 We fancy music in our chains,  
 And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,  
 Our broken powers restore,  
 Inspire us with a heavenly flame,  
 And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law  
 Upon our inward parts,

And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

33

C. M.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD, with humble shame, we  
On our original; [look  
How is our nature dashed and broke  
In our first father's fall!
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,  
But prone to all that's ill;  
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!  
How obstinate our will!
- 3 Yet mighty God, thy wondrous love  
Can make our nature clean,  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 4 The second Adam shall restore  
The ruins of the first;  
Hosanna to that sovereign power,  
That new creates our dust.

34

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;

- O make me wise betimes to see  
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice.

## 35

## C. M.

- 1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood ;  
The only help is sovereign grace,  
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death ;  
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,  
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage,  
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
The inward fire assuage.

- 4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise ;  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus makes us wise.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,  
We drink the pois'nous gall,  
And rush with fury down to hell ;  
But grace prevents the fall.
- 6 The man, possess'd among the tombs,  
Cuts his own flesh, and cries ;  
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,  
And the foul spirit flies.

## 36

L. M.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye.  
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 Thy ministers are sent in vain,  
To prophesy upon the slain ;  
In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
Life spreads through all the realms of death ;  
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;  
They move—they waken—they rejoice.

## 37

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,  
Adam, the offspring of the dust,  
That thou shouldst set him and his race  
But just below an angel's place ?

- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,  
And make him lord of all below ;  
Make every beast and bird submit,  
And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But oh, what brighter glories wait  
To crown the second Adam's state !  
What honors shall thy Son adorn,  
Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made !  
See him in dust among the dead !  
To save a ruin'd world from sin ;  
But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeemed from all  
The mis'ries that attend the fall,  
New-made, and glorious, shall submit  
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

## 38

## C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Adam sinn'd, through all his race  
The dire contagion spread ;—  
Sickness, and death, and deep disgrace,  
Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 From God and happiness we fly,  
To earth and sense confined ;  
Lost in a maze of misery,  
Yet to our mis'ry blind.
- 3 Corruption flows through all our veins,  
Our moral beauty's gone :  
The gold is fled, the dross remains :  
O sin, what hast thou done ?
- 4 Jesus, reveal thy pard'ning grace,  
And draw our souls to Thee :

Thou art the only hiding place  
Where ruin'd souls can flee.

39

C. M.

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts  
To practice on the mind ;  
With flattering looks it tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue it deceives  
The aged and the young ;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
It makes his fetters strong.
- 3 It pleads for all the joy it brings,  
And gives a fair pretence ;  
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair  
Grew the forbidden food ;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood.

40

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE erowd, the poor, unthinking crowd,  
Refuse thy hand to see !  
They will not hear thy loudest rod,  
They will not turn to thee.
- 2 As with judicial blindness struck,  
They all thy signs despise ;  
Harden their hearts yet more and mock  
The anger of the skies.
- 3 But blinder still, the rich and great  
In wickedness excel,



And revel on the brink of fate,  
And sport and dance to hell.

- 4 Regardless of thy smile or frown,  
Their pleasure they require,  
And sink with gay indiff'rence down  
To everlasting fire !
- 

## CHRIST AND THE ATONEMENT.

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41

C. M.

### *Divinity of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Word !  
The Father's equal Son ;  
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd  
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd  
Thine energy divine ;  
For not a single thing was made  
By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,  
Sublimar facts survey,—  
The all-creating Word unites  
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 Creation's Author now assumes  
A creature's humble form :  
A man of grief and wo becomes,  
And trod on like a worm.
- 5 The Lord of glory bears the shame  
To vile transgressors due ;

Justice the prince of life condemns  
To die in anguish too.—

- 6 God over all, for ever blest,  
The righteous curse endures;  
And thus, to souls with sin distressed,  
Eternal bliss ensures.
- 7 What wonders in thy person meet,  
My Saviour, all divine!  
I fall with rapture at thy feet,  
And would be wholly thine.

## 42

L. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!  
Our spirits bow before thy seat,  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright  
Stand round the glorious Deity;  
But who amongst the sons of light  
Pretends comparison with thee!
- 3 Yet there is one of human frame,  
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.
- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams;  
Their essence is for ever one,  
Though they are known by different names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honors be ador'd;  
His praise let every angel sing,  
And all the nations own their Lord.

43

C. M.

*Incarnation of Christ.*

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
 All seated on the ground, [night,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread  
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)  
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,  
 Is born of David's line,  
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
 And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
 To human view display'd,  
 All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,  
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 Appear'd a shining throng  
 Of angels praising God on high,  
 And thus address'd their song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,  
 Begin and never cease."

44

L. M.

*Birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**O us a child is born from heaven;  
 To us the Son of God is given;

The government of worlds he made,  
Upon his shoulders shall be laid.

2 His name, the Wonderful shall be ;  
His wonders heaven and earth shall see ;  
The Counselor of truth and grace,  
Who leads in paths of righteousness.

3 The Mighty God, that glorious name,  
His works and word join to proclaim ;  
The everlasting Father, He,  
And the whole church his family.

4 The Prince of peace, on David's throne,  
And nations yet unborn, shall own  
His sov'reign, and his gracious sway ;  
Glad of the honor to obey.

5 Justice and judgment he'll maintain ;  
To everlasting ages reign ;  
And his blest empire shall increase,  
Till time with all its movements cease.

45

C. M.

*Christ comes to destroy sin.*

1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King :  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, & plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;

He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

46

C. M.

*The Advent of Christ.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay :  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
'To hail th' auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,  
While sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And tun'd the golden lyre.

- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd ;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new ;  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew with eager joy  
'To bear the news to man.

- 5 Wrapt in the silence of the night  
Lay all the eastern world,  
When bursting glorious, heavenly light  
'The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.

- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song !

Good-will, and peace, are heard throughout  
The harmonious, heavenly throng.

7 Hail Prince of life, for ever hail !

Redeemer, Brother, Friend !

Tho' earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

47

P. M.

1 **H**AIL the blest morn ! when the great  
Mediator

Down from the mansions of heaven descends !

Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,  
Lo ! for your guide the bright angel attends.

### CHORUS.

*Brightest & best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness & lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.*

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the  
stall,

Angels adore him in slumbers reclining.

Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

*Brightest &c.*

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,  
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine ;  
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from  
the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the  
mine ?

*Brightest &c.*

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favour secure,  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.  
*Brightest &c.*
- 5 Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration,  
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife,  
There we receive his divine consolation,  
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.  
*Brightest &c.*
- 6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,  
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail;  
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation,  
Light to direct us through death's gloomy  
vale.  
*Brightest &c.*
- 7 Star of the morning, thy brightness declining,  
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise,  
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal,  
Shines on the children of love in the skies.  
*Brightest &c.*

48

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held :  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace !  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

49

L. M.

*God sent his Son to save the World.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,  
Fix'd on his throne of truth and love :  
Behold the finger of his power ;  
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.
- 2 When man, debas'd and guilty man,  
From crime to crime with madness ran,  
Well might his arm its thunders launch,  
And blast th' ungrateful, root and branch.
- 3 But clemency with justice strove,  
To save the people of his love.  
"Go, my beloved Son !" he cried,  
"Be thou their Saviour, thou their guide."



- 4 The eastern star with glory streams :  
It comes with healing on its beams,  
Dark mists of error flee away,  
And Judah hails the rising day.
- 5 His sacred memory we bless  
Whose holy gospel we profess ;  
And praise that great almighty name,  
From whom such light and favour came.

50

L. M.

*The life of Christ a pattern for Christians.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord !  
I read my duty in thy word :  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Thy love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r :  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too !
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; let me bear  
More of thy gracious image here.  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

51

L. M.

*Christ's mission attested.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive !  
Behold, the dead awake and live !

The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own  
And seal the mission of the Son ;  
The Father vindicates his cause,  
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood :  
He rises, and appears a God,  
Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;  
And to those hands my soul resign,  
Which bear credentials so divine.

## 52

L. M.

*The Messiah is come.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God ! who reigns above,  
Who dwells in light, whose name is  
Ye saints and angels, if ye can, [love,  
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O what can more his love commend,  
His dear, his only Son to send !  
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,  
And God be glorious to forgive !
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold  
The days by prophets long foretold :  
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke ;  
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—  
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;

Cut off for sins, but not his own,  
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.

- 5 We see the prophecies fulfill'd  
In Jesus, that most wond'rous child:  
His birth, his life, his death, combine  
To prove his character divine.

53

C. M.

*Christ's agony in the garden.*

- 1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground  
On which the Lord was laid,  
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,  
In agony he pray'd—
- 2 "Father! remove this bitter cup,  
If such thy sacred will;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
Thy pleasure I fulfill!"
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner! see  
Those precious drops that flow:  
The heavy load he bore for thee—  
For thee he lies so low!
- 4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,  
Thy Father's will obey;  
And when temptations press thee near,  
Awake, to watch and pray.

54

C. M.

*Jesus went about doing good.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where in a mortal form  
Appears each grace divine!  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.

- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy ;  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
A friend and servant found,  
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,  
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood,  
His foes ungrateful, sought his life ;  
He labour'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,  
And still his task pursued ;  
While humble pray'r and holy faith  
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resign'd he bow'd and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !  
His image may we bear :  
O may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share !

*The love of a dying Saviour.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree !  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes  
And earth's strong pillars bend !  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !  
"Receive my soul !" he cries :  
See where he bows his sacred head ;  
He bows his head, and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine.  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine !

56

C. M.

*The sufferings of the Saviour.*

- 1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in ;  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears :  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

57

L. M.

*Christ condemned and crucified.*

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man!  
The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you!  
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue!
- 2 See! how his back the scourges tear,  
While to the bloody pillar bound!  
The ploughers make long furrows there,  
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;  
His innocence, to death pursu'd,  
Must fully glut their utmost rage;  
Hark! how they clamour for his blood!
- 4 To us our own Barabbas give!  
Away with him, (they loudly cry:)  
Away with him, not fit to live,  
The vile seducer crucify!
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,  
With nails they fasten to the wood!  
His sacred limbs, expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 6 See, there! his temples crown'd with thorn!  
His bleeding hands extended wide!  
His streaming feet transfixt and torn!  
The fountain gushing from his side!

- 7 Where is the King of Glory now !  
 The everlasting Son of God !  
 Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow :  
 Th' Almighty faints beneath his load !
- 8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies ;  
 I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown :  
 I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,  
 I kill'd the Father's only Son !

58

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU dear suff'ring Son of God,  
 How doth thy heart to sinners move !  
 Help me to catch thy precious blood ;  
 Help me to taste thy dying love !
- 2 Give me to feel thy agonies,  
 One drop of thy sad cup afford :  
 I fain with thee would sympathize,  
 And share the suff'rings of my Lord.
- 3 The earth could to her centre quake,  
 Convuls'd while her Creator died :  
 O let my inmost nature shake,  
 And die with Jesus crucify'd !
- 4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd  
 Their horrors to the upper skies ;  
 O that my soul might burst the shade,  
 And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !
- 5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,  
 And tremble, and asunder part :  
 O rend with thine expiring breath,  
 The harder marble of my heart !

59

P. M. 6 lines 8s.

- 1 **W**OULD Jesus have the sinner die ?  
 Why hangs he then on yonder tree ?

What means that strange expiring cry ?  
(Sinners, he prays for you and me ;)   
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,  
They know not that by me they live !"

- 2 Jesus descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve ;  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through thee may live,  
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,  
And witness thou hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving all-atoning Lamb,  
Thee by thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life—I pray  
Take all, take all my sins away.
- 4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my tears ;  
The story of the love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears ;  
That all may hear the quick'ning sound ;  
Since I, even I have mercy found.
- 5 O let thy love my heart constrain,  
Thy love for every sinner free,  
That every fallen son of man,  
May taste the grace that found out me ;  
That all mankind with me may prove,  
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

60

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.



- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown !
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small ;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

61 P. M. 8, 7. 4.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !  
 See it rends the rocks asunder—  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !  
 “It is finish’d !”  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish’d !—O what pleasure,  
 Do these precious words afford !  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord ;  
 It is finish’d !  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish’d all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law ;  
 Finish’d all that God had promis’d,  
 Death and hell no more shall awe,  
 It is finish’d !—  
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
 All on earth and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

62

L. M.

*The Friend of sinners dies.*

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground:  
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load:  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for man!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:  
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
 'The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise:  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him "Welcome to the skies!"
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster death in chains!  
 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 'Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"  
 And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!"

63

C. M.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay ;  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief:  
He saw, and (O amazing love !)  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled ;  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break !  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told !

64

P. M.

*Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.*

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away !  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey !  
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; Gabriel, raise,  
Fame's eternal trump of praise !

- Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo to the blissful sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,  
See the Conqu'ror mount the skies ;  
Troops of angels on the road  
Hail, and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,  
Glorious Hero, thro' them ride ;  
King of glory, mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;  
Praise him in the noblest songs,  
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.
- 6 Every note to rapture swell :  
Sing the powers of death and hell  
Dragg'd in chains behind his wheels,  
Each the wreck eternal feels.
- 7 Let Immanuel be ador'd,  
Ransom, Mediator, Lord ;  
To creation's utmost bound  
Let th' immortal praise resound.

## 65

C. M.

*The same.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away ;  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,  
Such wonders love can do !

Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throb'd and bled for you !

- 3 A moment give a loose to grief;  
Let grateful sorrows rise;  
And wash the bloody stains away  
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again !  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The Conqu'ror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonor'd head ;  
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his, shall every saint  
His empty tomb survey ;  
And rise with his ascending Lord  
Through all his shining way.

## 66

S. M.

*"The Lord is risen indeed."* Luke xxiv, 34.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is ris'n indeed."  
And are the tidings true ?  
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then Justice asks no more ;  
Mercy and 'Truth are now agreed,  
Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then is his work perform'd ;

- 'The captive surely now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Attending angels hear;  
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
'The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord,  
Join all the bright celestial choirs  
To sing our risen Lord.

67

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life, with glory crown'd,  
On heaven's exalted throne,  
Forgets not those, for whom on earth  
He heav'd his dying groan.
- 2 His greatness now no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell;  
Yet still the chief of all his joys,  
That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 3 For this he taught, and toil'd, and bled;  
For this his life was given;  
For this he fought, and vanquish'd death;  
For this he reigns in heaven.
- 4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give;  
Sing loud Hosannas to his name,  
With whom you too shall live.

68

L. M.

*Christ our Intercessor.*

- 1 **H**E lives—the great Redeemer lives!  
What joy the bless'd assurance gives!

- And now, before his Father God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears.  
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts;  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His powerful intercessions rise;  
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart—  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!  
On thee our humble hopes depend;  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

69

L. M.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,  
I could for ever think and sing;  
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;  
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:  
'Though sin and sorrow wound my soul:  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 'To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,  
He clos'd his eyes to show us God;  
Let all the world fall down and know,  
'That none but God such love can show.

- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
 I shed my tears and make my moan!  
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;  
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?

70

C. M.

*Christ adored by the heavenly host.*

- 1 **O** THE delights, the heavenly joys,  
 The glories of the place,  
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
 Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Princes to his imperial name  
 Bend their bright sceptres down;  
 Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice,  
 To see him wear the crown.
- 3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,  
 Through every heavenly street;  
 And lay their highest honors down,  
 Submissive at his feet.
- 4 While angels shout and praise their King,  
 Let mortals learn their strains:  
 Let all the earth his honors sing;  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 5 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
 Be endless blessings paid;  
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
 For ever on thy head!



- 6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

71

C. M.

*The Redeemer praised by Angels.*

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,  
Far as th' eternal hills,  
There, in the boundless worlds of light,  
Our dear Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels round his throne  
In countless armies shine ;  
At his right hand, with golden harps,  
'They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace," they cry,  
"Whose unexampled love  
Mov'd thee to quit those blissful realms,  
And royalties above."
- 4 Thro' all his travels here below,  
'They did his steps attend,  
Oft wond'ring, how, or where, at last,  
This mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,  
And view'd the crimson gore ;  
They saw him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.
- 6 They brought his chariot from above,  
To bear him to his throne ;  
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried'  
"The glorious work is done."

72

C. M.

*Offices of Christ.*

- 1 **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,  
Who comes with truth and grace ;  
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word  
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,  
Who offer'd up his blood,  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honor our exalted King,  
How sweet are his commands !  
He guards our souls from hell and sin,  
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his blessed name,  
Who saves by glorious ways ;  
Th' anointed Saviour has a claim  
To our immortal praise.

73

C. M.

*Prayer for the Reign of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, arise !  
Rise and assert thy sway ;  
Till earth, subdu'd, its tribute brings,  
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,  
Till all thy foes submit,  
And all the powers of hell resign  
Their trophies at thy feet !
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly  
This spacious earth around ;

Till every soul beneath the sun  
Shall hear the joyful sound !

- 4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name  
Through every clime be known !  
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,  
And Jesus reign alone.
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
May Jesus be ador'd !  
And earth with all her millions shout,  
Hosannas to the Lord.

74

L. M.

*The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode—  
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;

And through the storms, and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

- 6 Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

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## HOLY SPIRIT.

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75

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
Thy power conveys our blessings down,  
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know,  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin;  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;  
Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

76

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above,

- Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
'That we may know and love thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to righteousness, the road  
That we must take, to dwell with God :  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

77

C. M.

- 1 **H**E'S come ! let every knee be bent,  
All hearts new joy resume ;  
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,  
"The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,  
Could God on man bestow ?  
Angels for this rejoice above,  
Let man rejoice below !
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit ! may each soul  
Thy sacred influence feel ;  
Do thou each sinful thought control,  
And fix our wav'ring zeal !
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey  
Those checks which we should know ;  
Thy motions point to us the way,  
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

78

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,  
To reach the wonders of the day,  
When with the fiery cloven tongues  
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.
- 2 Oh, 'twas a most auspicious hour,  
Season of grace and sweet delight,  
When thou didst come with mighty power,  
And light of truth divinely bright.
- 3 By this the blest disciples knew  
Their risen Head had enter'd heaven;  
Had now obtain'd the promise due,  
Fully by God the Father given.
- 4 Lord, we believe to us and ours  
The apostolic promise given;  
We want the pentecostal powers,  
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,  
Or long for thy return to pine;  
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,  
And fix in us the Guest divine.
- 6 Assembled here with one accord,  
Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,  
The purchase of our dying Lord:  
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
- 7 If every one that asks may find,  
If still thou dost on sinners fall,  
Come as a mighty rushing wind;  
Great grace be now upon us all.
- 8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,  
And languish thy descent to meet:

Kindle in each the living fire,  
And fix in every heart thy seat.

79

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine,  
And on this poor benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.
  - 2 From the celestial hills,  
Life, light, and joy dispense;  
And may I daily, hourly feel  
'Thy quick'ning influence.
  - 3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart,  
This stubborn will subdue,  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.
  - 4 Mine will the profit be,  
But thine shall be the praise;  
And unto thee I will devote  
The remnant of my days.
- 

## THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

80

S. M.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
'That bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,  
So sweet the tidings are;

“Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here!”

- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light;  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight!
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

**S1****S. M.**

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,  
His sov'reign voice obey;  
Arise! and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The master whom you serve  
Will needful strength bestow;  
Depending on his promis'd aid,  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
The cause is God's and must prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.



- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,  
And tell his matchless grace,  
To the most guilty and deprav'd  
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you in his name,  
The most divine success;  
Assur'd that he who sends you forth,  
Will your endeavors bless.

S2

L. M.

- 1 **G**O, preach my gospel, saith the Lord,  
Bid the whole world my grace receive,  
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;  
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands;  
"I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is trusted in my hands,  
I can destroy, and I defend."

S3

C. M.

- 1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,  
Ye messengers of God;  
Go publish thro' Immanuel's name,  
Salvation bought with blood.
- 2 What tho' your arduous task may lie  
Thro' regions dark as death;  
What tho' your faith and zeal to try,  
Perils beset your path?

- 3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go.  
And arm'd with power divine,  
Your God will needful aid bestow,  
And on your labours shine.
- 4 He who has call'd you to the war,  
Will recompense your pains;  
Before Messiah's conquering car,  
Mountains shall sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not, tho' earth and hell oppose,  
But plead your master's cause;  
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes,  
Shall bow before his cross.

## S4

L. M.

- 1 **C**OMFORT, ye ministers of grace,  
Comfort the people of your Lord;  
O lift ye up the fallen race,  
And cheer them by the gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go,  
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry:  
Glad tidings unto all we show;  
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,  
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!  
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,  
And means to make his entrance there!
- 4 The Lord your God will quickly come;  
Sinners repent, the call obey;  
Open your hearts to make him room,  
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 5 'The Lord shall clear his way through all,  
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;

The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,  
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

- 6 The glory of the Lord display'd  
Shall all mankind together view,  
And what his mouth in truth hath said,  
His own almighty hand shall do.

85

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet  
To pay their homage at his feet ;  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And endless praises crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

86

S. M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait ;  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ;

- Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command ;  
And while we speak, he's near ;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found :  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,  
With his own bounteous hand,  
And raise that fav'rite servant's head,  
Amidst th' angelic baud.

S7

L. M.

- 1 'TWAS Jesus' last and great command,  
"Go, preach my word in every land,  
To all be my salvation shown,  
To every creature make it known.
- 2 While thus employ'd, expect my grace,  
Attending you from place to place ;  
Where'er you meet, expect me there,  
In church, or house, or open air."
- 3 Commission'd thus, we come abroad,  
To preach the gospel of our God ;  
The love of God, in Christ to tell,  
The love that saves from sin and hell.
- 4 Jesus, our Lord, thy word fulfil,  
Thy Spirit's power be with us still ;  
May all our souls thy blessings share,  
Accept our praise and hear our pray'r.

SS

C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "My Son shall reign  
To earth's remotest bound:  
I will his holy throne maintain,  
And all his foes confound."
- 2 Arise, O God, thy strength display,  
Stretch forth thy conqu'ring sword;  
O'er every land thy sceptre sway,  
And shed thy grace abroad.
- 3 Soon may the Gentile and the Jew  
With one consent submit;  
And men of every name and hue,  
Bow at Immanuel's feet.
- 4 Send forth thy Spirit with thy word,  
To every tribe and tongue;  
Let all the nations praise the Lord,  
In one delightful song.

S9

6. 4 6s &amp; 2 8s.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
'The gift of Jesus' love :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
And, sav'd from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

90

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the word of mercy give,  
And let it swiftly run ;  
And let the priests themselves believe,  
And put salvation on.
- 2 Cloth'd with the Spirit of Holiness,  
May all thy people prove

- The plenitude of gospel grace,  
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,  
Illustrious as the sun,  
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,  
Their glorious circuit run.
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread  
Their light where'er they go ;  
And heavenly influence shed  
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,  
Exulting in their might ;  
As burning luminaries chase  
The gloom of hellish night.
- 6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
Their healing wings display ;  
And let their lustre still increase  
Unto the perfect day.

91

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the name high over all  
In hell, or earth, or sky !  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The Name to sinners given !  
It scatters all their guilty fear ;  
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head ;  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.

- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace ;  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim :  
"Tis all my business here below,  
To cry "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his Name !  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

## 92

## L. M.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake !  
Thine own immortal strength put on !  
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,  
And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days appear !  
The sacred annals speak thy fame ;  
Be now omnipotently near,  
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,  
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come ;  
Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,  
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,  
The anguish and distracting care ;  
There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
And sin shall never enter there.
- 5 Where pure, essential joy is found,  
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,



With everlasting gladness crown'd,  
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

93

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake  
And take th' alarm they give,  
Now let them from the mouth of God,  
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,  
The pastor's care demands :  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego !  
For souls, which must forever live,  
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 And to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there ;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, where should we appear.
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see,  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

94

7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile :  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown ;  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we, to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! O, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim :  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name !

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

95

4 7s.

1 **W**ATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are :  
 Trav'ler ! o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star !

Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Trav'ler ! yes ; it brings the day—  
 Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 Higher yet that star ascends :  
 Trav'ler ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends.  
 Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Trav'ler ! ages are its own,  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn ;  
 Trav'ler ! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn ;  
 Watchman ! let thy wand'rings cease,  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home ;  
 Trav'ler ! lo, the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

96

*8 lines 8s & 7s.*

1 **W**HO will go to rear the standard  
 Of the cross in heathen lands,  
 Where the people sit in darkness,  
 Bound by superstition's bands ?  
 Who will leave their friends and country,  
 Bid adieu to earthly bliss,  
 Yield their lives a willing off'ring,  
 To so great a work as this ?

2 Who will go to Afric's center,  
 Tell the Ethiop there's a God,

- Point him to the crimson fountain  
 Of a Saviour's cleansing blood ?  
 Who will climb the Rocky Mountains,  
 'Thro' the western forests stray,  
 Where thick gloom and pagan darkness  
 Long have held unrival'd sway ?
- 3 Oh! for Paul's denying spirit,  
 For his missionary zeal;  
 And the perfect love of Jesus,  
 Every Christian heart to fill :  
 Then the earth would soon be cover'd  
 With the knowledge of the Lord,  
 And the far-off isles of ocean  
 Soon would all receive his word.

97

L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,  
 The thousands of our Israel see :  
 To thee in their behalf we cry,  
 Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,  
 And neither food nor feeder have ;  
 Nor fold, nor place of refuge near ;  
 For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,  
 The Christian savages remain ;  
 Strangers, yea, enemies to God,  
 They make thee spill thy blood in vain.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought ;  
 Nor know they their Redeemer nigh :  
 They perish whom thyself hast bought ;  
 Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

- 5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,  
 To swallow up its careless prey :  
 Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died ?  
 Hast died to bear their sins away !
- 6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize !  
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans ;  
 The meed of all thy suff'rings these ;  
 O claim them for thy ransom'd ones.
- 7 Extend to these thy pard'ning grace :  
 To these be thy salvation show'd :  
 O add them to thy chosen race !  
 O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 8 Still let the publicans draw near :  
 Open the door of faith and heaven ;  
 And grant their hearts thy word to hear !  
 And witness all their sins forgiven.

98

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 **Y**ES, my native land, I love thee ;  
 All thy scenes, I love them well ;  
 Friends, connections, happy country,  
 Can I bid you all farewell ?  
 Can I leave you,  
 Far in distant lands to dwell.
- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,  
 Joys no stranger's heart can tell ;  
 Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,  
 Can I, *can* I say farewell ?  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holy days and Sabbath bell ;

Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
Can I say a last farewell?

Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I love so well,  
Far away, ye billows bear me;  
Lovely native land, farewell!  
Pleas'd I leave thee—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,  
On the mountain let me tell  
How he died, the blessed Saviour,  
To redeem a world from hell!  
Let me hasten,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,  
Let the winds my canvass swell;  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell;  
Glad I leave thee,  
Native land farewell! farewell!

## 99

## C. M.

1 **G**REAT God! the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine;  
And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

- 3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe, and every soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound!
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons  
Enjoy the heavenly word,  
And vassals long enslav'd become  
The freemen of the Lord!
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,  
A dark bewilder'd race,  
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
And learn and feel his grace?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform  
Their cruelty to love;  
Soften the tiger to a lamb,  
The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays;  
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,  
The temples of thy praise.

100

L. M.

- 1 **M**ILLIONS there are on heathen ground,  
Who never heard the gospel's sound;  
Lord send it forth, and let it run,  
Swift and reviving as the sun.
- 2 Guide thou our lips, who stand to tell  
Sinners the way that leads from hell;  
To those who give, do thou impart  
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart.
- 3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,  
That in thy grace they all may share:

And those who now in darkness dwell,  
Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.

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## AWAKENING AND INVITING.

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**101**

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, Jerusalem, awake,  
No longer in thy sins lie down :  
The garment of salvation take,  
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes ;  
Arise, and struggle into light,  
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,  
Zion, assert thy liberty ;  
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,  
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,  
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,  
And lead the pompous triumph on ;  
His glory shall bring up the rear,  
And perfect what his grace begun.

**102**

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;



- I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest, who learn of me ;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

## 103

S. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the call obey,  
The latest call of grace :  
The day is come, the vengeful day  
Of a devoted race.
- 2 Devils and men combine  
To plague the faithless seed,  
And phials full of wrath divine,  
Are bursting on your head.
- 3 Enter into the Rock,  
Ye trembling slaves of sin,  
The Rock of your salvation, struck,  
And cleft to take you in.
- 4 To shelter the distress'd  
He did the cross endure ;  
Enter into the clefts, and rest  
In Jesus' wounds secure.

- 5 Jesus, to thee we fly  
From the devouring sword;  
Our city of defence is nigh;  
Our help is in the Lord.
- 6 Or if the scourge o'erflow,  
And laugh at innocence,  
Thine everlasting arms we know,  
Shall be our souls' defence.

**104**

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow;  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise  
To ease our every pain:  
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,  
The gracious call obey:  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—  
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
To thee let sinners fly.  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink and never die.

**105**

L. M.

- 1 **T**O-DAY, if you will hear his voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice;

- Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?  
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?
- 2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,  
 Say, will you be for ever blest—  
 Will you be sav'd from sin and hell—  
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?
- 3 Come now dear youth, for ruin bound,  
 Obey the gospel's joyful sound :  
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove  
 The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Once more we ask you in his name—  
 For yet his love remains the same—  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?  
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?
- 5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,  
 Come share with us eternal joys ;  
 Or must we leave you bound to hell ?  
 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

## 106

## C. M.

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
 And every heart rejoice !  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
 Who feed upon the wind,  
 And vainly strive with earthly toys,  
 To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,  
 A soul reviving feast,  
 And bids your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.

- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace,  
Stand open all the day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

107

L. M.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:  
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain!
- 5 His love is mighty to compel;  
His conqu'ring love consent to feel:  
Yield to his love's resistless power,  
And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!

- His offer'd benefits embrace,  
 And freely now be sav'd by grace !  
 7 'This is the time, no more delay !  
 This is the acceptable day ;  
 Come in this moment at his call,  
 And live for him who died for all.

108

L. M.

- 1 **H**O ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;  
 'Tis God invites the fallen race ;  
 Mercy and free salvation buy,  
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.  
 2 Come to the living waters, come !  
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;  
 "Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
 And find my grace is free for all."  
 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise ;  
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;  
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.  
 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
 Leave all you have, and are, behind ;  
 Frankly the gift of God receive,  
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.  
 5 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?  
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;  
 Ye spend your little all in vain.  
 6 In search of empty joys below,  
 Ye toil with unavailing strife :  
 Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?  
 I have the words of endless life.

- 7 Hearken to me with earnest care,  
 And freely eat substantial food;  
 The sweetness of my mercy share,  
 And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all my goodness prove,  
 My promises for all are free:  
 Come, taste the manna of my love,  
 And let your souls delight in me.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
 My words believingly receive;  
 Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,  
 An everlasting life shall live."

## 109

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E unconverted, careless souls,  
 Wake up and turn to God;  
 Or else you surely will be damn'd,  
 According to his word.
- 2 For in the Bible it is said,  
 By him that cannot lie,  
 "Repent, believe, be born again"—  
 "The soul that sins shall die."
- 3 Now sinners lay this well to heart,  
 And turn without delay;  
 O hasten to the Saviour's arms,  
 Whilst it is call'd to-day.
- 4 It is your wisdom so to do,  
 'Twill be your int'rest too;  
 Then be entreated *now* to come  
 To *Christ*, who died for you.

## 110

8 lines 7s.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why?

- God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with himself to live ;  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands ;  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why,  
 Will ye cross his love and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?  
 Christ, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will you let him die in vain ?  
 Crucify your Lord again ?  
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ?  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :  
 Will ye not his grace receive ?  
 Will ye still refuse to live ?  
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why  
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?
- 4 Dead already, dead within,  
 Spiritually dead in sin :  
 Dead to God, while here you breathe ;  
 Pant you after second death ?  
 Will you still in sin remain,  
 Greedy of eternal pain ?  
 O, ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will ye forever die ?

111

P. M.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

- Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power ;  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream :  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him ;  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary heavy-laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all ;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !  
On the bloody tree behold him !  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finish'd !"   
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
Venture on him, venture freely ;  
Let no other trust intrude :



None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
Hallelujah !  
Sinners here may do the same.

112

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast !  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;  
He calls, he bids you come !  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
But see, there yet is room !
- 3 (Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;  
There love and pity meet :  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.)
- 4 (In him the Father reconcil'd,  
Invites your souls to come :  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.)
- 5 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love :  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice  
Before th' eternal throne,

Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
In ecstasies unknown.

- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come;  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
Approach, there yet is room!

## 113

## C. M.

- 1 **A** MAZING sight, the Saviour stands  
And knocks at every door!  
Ten thousand blessings in his hands  
To satisfy the poor.
- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die  
To bring you to my rest:—  
Hear sinners, while I'm passing by,  
And be forever blest.
- 3 Will you despise my bleeding love,  
And choose the way to hell?  
Or in the glorious realms above,  
With me forever dwell?
- 4 Not to condemn your wretched race  
Have I in judgment come;  
But to display unbounded grace,  
And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 Will you go down to endless night,  
And bear eternal pain?  
Or in the glorious realms of light  
With me forever reign?
- 6 Say—will you hear my gracious voice,  
And have your sins forgiven?  
Or will you make that wretched choice,  
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

## 114

## L. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel word !  
Haste to the supper of your Lord,  
Be wise to know your gracious day,  
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late returning son ;  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
To fill the broken heart with love,  
T' apply, and witness with the blood,  
And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate ;  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Are ready with their shining host :  
All heaven is ready to resound,  
"The dead's alive ! the lost is found !"

## 115

## C. M.

- 1 **L**IKE Bartimeus, we are blind,  
Inwapt in nature's night ;  
The grossest darkness veils our mind,  
For sin prevents the sight.
- 2 But lo ! the Lord from heaven is come  
To open sinners' eyes ;  
To make his wondrous mercy known,  
And heal their maladies.
- 3 Come then, ye blind, and beg, and pray,  
And in the Lord believe ;

For who can tell? perhaps to-day  
You may your sight receive.

- 4 Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by—  
He is the sinners' friend;  
Call on his name, and wait, and cry,  
He will your suit attend.
- 5 Should sinners say, "Hold ye your peace,  
Nor dare to make so free,"  
Then cry the more, and never cease,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."
- 6 Your worthless garments leave behind;  
Go to the Lord of light;  
Trust in his name, however blind,  
And he will give you sight.

## 116

## P. M.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, and look yonder,  
See your sins like mountains rise,  
O astonishing the number,  
Higher mounting than the skies;  
Cry for mercy,  
Dread the death that never dies.
- 2 On the crumbling banks of ruin,  
How can you securely dwell?  
Sinners, vengeance is pursuing,  
And will sweep you down to hell,  
Then to heaven  
Finally you'll bid farewell.
- 3 Doom'd where sorrows after sorrows  
Follow on without control,  
Floods of vengeance big with horror  
Without intermission roll;

Wrath vindictive  
Overwhelms the guilty soul.

- 4 Wrapt in sheets of black damnation,  
There the curling flames surround,  
Torments endless, no cessation,  
Mercy there cannot be found ;  
Dismal yellings  
In those lower realms abound.
- 5 See yon sun how swift he hasteth  
Through the circuit of the skies :  
How your golden moment wasteth ;  
Sinners pray, at length be wise ;  
O he's sitting,  
And may sit no more to rise.
- 6 See how fast your time is flying,  
Will ye sinners yet delay ?  
One is gone, another's dying,  
O ! to God for mercy pray :  
Time is precious :  
God may next call you away.
- 7 Now's the time for preparation !  
While the vital air you breathe :  
God is off'ring you salvation,  
Calls you yet to turn and live ;  
Boundless mercy ;  
All who come he will receive.
- 8 See the precious blood of Jesus,  
Streaming from the cursed tree !  
Will not this suffice to grieve us ?  
Jesus spilt his blood for me !  
Come then sinners,  
And his great salvation see.

**117** P. M. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
 Before you farther go ;  
 Can you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting wo !  
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,  
 Vengeance waits the dread command,  
 Soon will stop your sport and pride,  
 And sink you with the damn'd.

*CHORUS.*

*Then be entreated now to stop,  
 For unless you warning take,  
 Ere you are aware you'll drop  
 Into the burning lake.*

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you his will oppose ?  
 Fear you not that iron rod,  
 With which he breaks his foes ?  
 Can you stand in that great day,  
 When his judgment he'll proclaim,  
 When the earth will melt away,  
 Like wax before the flame ?  
*Oh ! be entreated, &c.*
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
 And drag you to his bar ;  
 Then to hear your awful doom  
 Will fill you with despair,  
 All your sins will round you crowd,  
 Sins of a blood crimson dye ;  
 Each for vengeance cry aloud,  
 And what can you reply ?  
*Come, be entreated &c.*

4 Tho' your hearts be made of steel,  
 Your foreheads lined with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass.  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 ('Tho' they now despise his grace,)  
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face.  
*Once again I pray you stop, &c.*

5 But as yet there is a hope,  
 You may his mercy know ;  
 Tho' his arm be lifted up,  
 He still forbears the blow.  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died—  
 Sinners he invites to come ;  
 None that comes shall be denied,  
 He says, "There still is room."  
*For Jesus' sake, I pray you stop, &c.*

118

L. M.

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour at thy door,  
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before ;  
 Has waited long, is waiting still,  
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude!—he stands,  
 With melting heart and outstretch'd hands !  
 O matchless kindness ! and he shows  
 This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him—for the human breast  
 Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest ;  
 Admit him—or the hour's at hand,  
 When at his door deni'd you'll stand.

- 4 Open my heart, Lord, enter in,  
Slay every foe, and conquer sin ;  
I now to thee my all resign,  
My body, soul, shall all be thine.

**119**

L. M.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown,  
Why in such dreadful haste to die ?  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams :  
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,  
Behold the God of love unfold  
The glories of his dying pains,  
Forever telling, yet untold.

**120**

C. M.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,  
Nor longer dare delay ;  
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,  
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
His heralds are despatch'd abroad  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess ;  
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace.



- 4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,  
 And call you to his bar;  
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,  
 And turns to vengeance there.

## 121

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME sinners, you whose harden'd  
 No fears of hell can move, [hearts  
 Come hear the gospel's mildest voice,  
 That tells you, "God is love."  
 2 Thousands, once vile and base as you,  
 Surround the throne above;  
 The grace that chang'd has tun'd their  
 To sing that "God is love." [hearts,  
 3 O may we all, while here below,  
 This best of blessings prove;  
 Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
 Proclaim that "God is love."

## 122

C. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;  
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day;  
 He calls you by his sacred word  
 From sin's destructive way.  
 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
 You live, devoid of peace;  
 A thousand stings within your breast  
 Deprive your souls of ease.  
 3 Your way is dark, and leads to death;  
 Why will you persevere?  
 Can you in endless torments breathe,  
 Shut up in black despair?

- 4 Why will you in the naked ways  
Of sin and folly go!  
In pain you travail all your days,  
To reap eternal wo.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,  
Through his abounding grace:  
His mercy will the guilt forgive,  
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
Renouncing every sin;  
Submit to him your sovereign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.

## 123

## L. M.

- 1 **K** NOW, sinner, every one is free  
To choose his course & what he'll be;  
For this eternal truth is given,  
That God will *force no man to heaven*.
- 2 He'll draw, persuade, direct aright,  
Bless us with wisdom, love and light;  
In nameless ways be good and kind,  
But never *force the human mind*.
- 3 Freedom and reason make us men;  
Take these away, what are we then?  
Mere animals, and just as well,  
E'en brutes might think of heaven or hell.
- 4 O then no more your powers abuse,  
But ways of truth and goodness choose!  
Our God is pleas'd when we improve  
His grace, and seek the worlds above.
- 5 But if you take the downward road,  
And make in hell your last abode;

Our God is clear, and you shall know,  
 You plung'd *yourselves in endless woe.*

124

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us who in Christ believe,  
 Our common Saviour praise ;  
 To him, with joyful voices, give  
 The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door  
 Of every sinner's heart :  
 The worst need keep him out no more,  
 Or force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,  
 Yield to be sav'd from sin :  
 In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
 That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,  
 Nor ever hence remove ;  
 But sup with us, and let the feast  
 Be everlasting love.

125

C. M.

- 1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—  
 Repent—thy end is nigh !  
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far,  
 Oh, think—before thou die !
- 2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save,  
 Thy sins—how high they mount !  
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave—  
 How stands that dread account !
- 3 Death enters—and there's no defence,  
 His time, there's none can tell :

He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To Heaven—or down to Hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume;  
But ah! destruction stops not there—  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls, to-day,  
Sinner, it speaks to you;  
Let every one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue.

## 126

S. M.

1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,  
Now is the day of grace;  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,  
The Saviour calls to-day;  
To-morrow it may be too late,  
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love,  
'Then will the angels clap their wings,  
And bear the news above.

## 127

4 lines 7s.

1 **C**OME, and taste along with me,  
Consolation running free,

From my Father's wealthy throne,  
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone ?  
All are better far than some ;  
Th' more come in with free good will,  
Makes the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door  
Asking for a little more ;  
Jesus gives a double share,  
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,  
Goodness flowing everywhere,  
This I boldly can attest,  
That my soul has got a taste.

## 128

C. M.

1 **O**H, what amazing words of grace,  
Are in the gospel found !  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
Are freely welcome here ;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls,  
Abundant, free and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your every burden bring ;  
Here love, unchanging love abounds,  
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word !)  
Shall of this stream partake ;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake.

- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
 Have here found life and peace;  
 Come then, and prove its virtues too,  
 And drink, adore and bless.

## 129

L. M.

- 1 **O**NE thing is needful, one alone;  
 If this be our's all is our own:  
 'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be  
 In death, and thro' eternity.
- 2 Without it we are all undone,  
 Tho' we may call the world our own;  
 Not all the joys of time and sense  
 Can countervail the loss immense.
- 3 Great God! that powerful grace of thine,  
 Which rous'd a soul so dead as mine,  
 Can rouse these thoughtless sinners too,  
 The one thing needful to pursue.

## 130

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary souls opprest,  
 Find in Christ the promis'd rest:  
 On him all your burdens roll,  
 He can wound, and he make whole.
- 2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,  
 Come and wash in Jesus' blood;  
 To the son of David cry,  
 In his word he's passing by.
- 3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,  
 All your wants in Jesus find;  
 This the day of mercy is,  
 Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

- 4 Debtors, who have nought to pay,  
Come to Jesus, haste away ;  
All your sins on him were laid,  
All your debts the Surety paid.
- 5 "It is finish'd," lo! he cries,  
There on yonder cross he dies ;  
O believe the record true,  
Jesus died for such as you.

131

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU' parents may in cov'nant be,  
And have their heaven in view ;  
'They are unhappy till they see  
Their children happy too.
- 2 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed,  
When all attempts prove vain,  
And they pursue those paths that lead  
To everlasting pain.
- 3 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,  
While tears in torrents flow ;  
And 'tis beyond the power of speech  
To tell the griefs they know.
- 4 Till they can see victorious grace  
Their children's souls possess ;  
'The sparkling wit, the smiling face,  
But adds to their distress.
- 5 See the fond father clasp his child ;  
Hark ! how his bowels move—  
Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd  
From God, my father's love ?
- 6 Shall cruel spirits drag thee down  
To darkness and despair,

Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,  
To dwell forever there !

- 7 Kind heaven, the dreadful scene forbid !  
Look down, dear Lord, and bless ;  
I'll wrestle hard as Abrah'm did,  
May I obtain success !

**132**

11, 10.

- 1 **C**OME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,

Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish,

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
heal.

- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure.

- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God pure from  
above ; [ing,  
Come to the feast prepar'd, come, ever know-  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-  
move.

**133**

4 lines 12s.

- 1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to  
the mountain ;  
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a  
fountain ;



For sin and uncleanness and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation."

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought  
us our pardon ;  
We'll praise him again when we pass over  
Jordan.*

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, to Jesus repair ;  
He calls you in mercy—and can you forbear ?  
'Though your sins have arisen as high as a  
mountain,  
His blood can remove them—it flows from  
the fountain.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.*

- 3 Bless'd Jesus, thou reignest exalted and glorious ;  
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art ever victorious ;  
'Thy name will we praise in the great congregation,  
And triumph, ascribing to thee our salvation.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.*

- 4 With joy shall we stand, when escap'd to  
the shore ;  
With harps in our hands, we'll praise thee  
the more ;  
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of  
the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.*

134

S. M.

- 1 **R**ETURN and come to God;  
Cast all your sins away;  
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;  
Repent, believe, obey.
- 2 Say not ye cannot come;  
For Jesus bled and died,  
That none who ask in humble faith  
Should ever be denied.
- 3 Say not ye will not come;  
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;  
And fearful will their end be found,  
On whom his wrath shall fall.
- 4 Come then, whoever will,  
Come while 'tis call'd to-day;  
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood;  
Repent, believe, obey.

135

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,  
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with sin, and painful load,  
Oh come, and spread your woes abroad:  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes:  
Pardon and life and endless peace,  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart :  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

136

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board ;  
Not paradise, with all its joys,  
Can such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given,  
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed  
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here ;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame ;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.

137

4 lines 8s.

- 1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation ;  
Publish'd now to every creature,  
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

*Lo ! he reigns, he reigns victorious ;  
Over heaven and earth, most glorious,  
Jesus reigns.*

- 2 See the royal banner flying,  
Hear the heralds loudly crying,  
"Rebel sinners, royal favour  
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."  
*Lo ! he reigns, &c.*
- 3 Ho ! ye sons of wrath and ruin,  
Who have wrought your own undoing,  
Here are life and free salvation,  
Offer'd to the whole creation.  
*Lo ! he reigns, &c.*
- 4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,  
Come, and purchase without money ;  
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,  
Streaming from the holy mountain.  
*Lo ! he reigns, &c.*
- 5 For this love let rocks and mountains,  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,  
Shout the great Messiah's praises.  
*Lo ! he reigns, &c.*

## 138

## P. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above ?  
Every sentence—O how tender !  
Every line is full of love :  
Listen to it,  
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,  
News from Zion's King proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner "Pardon,

Free forgiveness in his name."

How important !

Free forgiveness in his name !

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour,  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;  
And with news of consolation,  
Chase away the falling tears :  
Tender heralds,  
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,  
Callous hearers of the word,  
While the messengers address you,  
Take the warnings they afford ;  
We entreat you,  
Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed,  
Who receiv'd the joyful word ?  
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,  
Offer'd to you by the Lord !  
Can you slight it,  
Offer'd to you by the Lord ?
- 6 O ye angels, hov'ring round us,  
Waiting spirits speed your way,  
Hasten to the courts of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay ;  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey.

## PENITENTIAL.

139

S. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could repent,  
With all my idols part;  
And to thy gracious eye present  
An humble, contrite heart!
- 2 A heart with grief opprest,  
For having griev'd my God;  
A troubled heart that cannot rest  
'Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire;  
With true sincerity of woe  
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,  
And melt my hardness down;  
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone!

140

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, to thee I cry;  
Thee only would I know;  
Thy purifying blood apply,  
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,  
Purge my iniquity:  
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine?  
Answer, if mine thou art!

Whisper within, thou Love divine,  
And cheer my broken heart.

- 4 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,  
His wounds are open wide;  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
And speaks me justified.

141

L. M.

- 1 **O**H! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,  
My sins which have thy body torn;  
Give me with broken heart to see,  
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,  
And gaze upon that wondrous sight,  
O that with Salem's daughters, I  
Could stand and see my Saviour die!
- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,  
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die,  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercy! drop thy frown,  
And give me shelter in thy Son;  
And with my broken heart comply:  
O give me Jesus, or I die!
- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt;  
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,  
And give me Jesus, or I die.
- 6 O save my soul from gaping hell,  
Or else with devils I must dwell;  
O might I enter, now I'm come,  
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone.

142

L. M.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone !  
O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove ;  
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power ;  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay :  
Appear, in my poor heart appear !  
My God, my Saviour, come away.

143

C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could my Lord receive,  
Who did the world redeem ;  
Who gave his life that I might live,  
A life conceal'd in him !



- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire :  
Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
And in his arms expire !
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
That kept by mercy's power  
I may from every evil cease,  
And never grieve thee more.
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,  
E'en now my sins remove,  
And set my soul at liberty  
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,  
Thou pard'ning God descend ;  
Number me with salvation's heirs,  
My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven :  
But let me feel thy blood applied,  
And live and die forgiven.

141

S. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could revere  
My much-offended God !  
O that I could but stand in fear  
Of thy afflicting rod !
- 2 If mercy cannot draw,  
Thou by thy threat'ning move ;  
And keep an abject soul in awe,  
That will not yield to love.
- 3 Show me the naked sword  
Impending o'er my head :

- O let me tremble at thy word,  
And to my ways take heed !
- 4 With sacred horror fly  
From every sinful snare :  
Nor ever in my Judge's eye  
My Judge's anger dare.
- 5 Thou great tremendous God,  
The conscious awe impart ;  
The grace be now on me bestow'd,  
The tender fleshy heart.
- 6 For Jesus' sake alone,  
The stony heart remove ;  
And melt at last, O melt me down,  
Into the mould of love.

## 145

## C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR that tenderness of heart,  
Which bows before the Lord ;  
Acknowledging how just thou art,  
And trembling at thy word !
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow :  
That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour, to me, in pity give  
The sensible distress ;  
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me die in peace :
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
Before the evil come ;  
My spirit hide with saints above,  
My body in the tomb.

## 116

## L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee :  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin ;  
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul :  
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole ;  
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,  
And lost I am till thou art mine.
- 3 Awake, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,  
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head !  
'Tread down thy foes, with power control  
The beast and devil in my soul.
- 4 The mansion for thyself prepare,  
Dispose my heart by ent'ring there !  
'Tis this alone can make me clean ;  
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 5 At last I own it cannot be,  
That I should fit myself for thee :  
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;  
'Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 6 What shall I say thy grace to move !  
Lord, I am sin—but thou art love :  
I give up every plea beside,  
"Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died."<sup>33</sup>

## 117

## S. M.

*First Part.*

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,  
And force me to thy breast ?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest ?

- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,  
 My wand'ring to and fro?  
 Thou hast the words of endless life:  
 Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace  
 To me did freely move;  
 It calls me still to seek thy face,  
 And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
 I groan to be set free;  
 I fain would now obey thy call,  
 And give up all for thee.
- 5 To rescue me from woe,  
 Thou didst with all things part;  
 Didst lead a suff'ring life below,  
 To gain my worthless heart.
- 6 My worthless heart to gain,  
 The God of all that breathe,  
 Was found in fashion as a man,  
 And died a cursed death.

*Second Part.*

- 1 **A**ND can I yet delay,  
 My little all to give?  
 To tear my soul from earth away,  
 For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
 I can hold out no more:  
 I sink by dying love compell'd,  
 And own 'Thee conqueror.

- 3 Though late I all forsake,  
 My friends, my all resign;  
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
 And seal me ever thine!
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
 Nor hence again remove:  
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
 With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,  
 Thy only love to know;  
 To seek and taste no other bliss,  
 No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou,  
 Thou all-sufficient art;  
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
 Enter and keep my heart.

149

6 lines 8s.

*First Part.*

- 1 COME, O thou Traveler unknown,  
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with thee:  
 With thee all night I mean to stay,  
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;  
 My misery and sin declare;  
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name,  
 Look on thy hands, and read it there:  
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
 I never will unloose my hold;

Art thou the man that died for me ?

The secret of thy love unfold ;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name ?

Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;  
To know it now resolv'd I am :  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long :  
I rise superior to my pain :  
When I am weak, then I am strong !  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

150

6 lines 8s.

*Second Part.*

1 **Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;  
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r :  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis love ! 'tis love ! thou diedst for me !  
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal love thou art :  
To me, to all, thy bowels move,  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My pray'r hath power with God ; the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive ;

Through faith I see thee face to face;  
 I see thee face to face, and live !  
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :  
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
 But stay and love me to the end :  
 Thy mercies never shall remove,  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of righteousness on me  
 Hath rose with healing in his wings ;  
 Wither'd by nature's strength ; from thee  
 My soul its life and succour brings ;  
 My help is all laid up above ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh  
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On thee alone for strength depend ;  
 Nor have I power from thee to move ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;  
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;  
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;  
 Through all eternity to prove,  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

151

C. M.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;

Come with your guilt and soul oppress,  
And make this last resolve :—

- 2 “I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts, I’ll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “Prostrate I’ll lie before his thrône,  
And there my guilt confess :  
I’ll tell him I’m a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 “I’ll to my gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives,  
Perhaps he may command a touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “Perhaps he may admit my plea,  
Perhaps he’ll hear my pray’r :  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 6 “I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolv’d to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know,  
I must forever die.”

- 1 **D**ROOPING souls, no longer grieve,  
Heaven is propitious—  
If you do in Christ believe,  
You will find him precious ;  
Jesus now is passing by,  
And he calls you to him,  
He has died for you and me,  
O, then come and view him.



- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
Flows the healing fountain ;  
See the purple swelling tide,  
Boundless as the ocean—  
See the living waters move,  
For the sick and dying ;  
Now resolve to gain his love,  
Or to perish trying.
- 3 Gospel grace is always free,  
Drooping souls to gladden ;  
Hence he says, "Come unto me,  
Weary, heavy-laden."  
Tho' your sins like mountains rise,  
Rise and reach to heaven,  
Yet, if you on him believe,  
All shall be forgiven.
- 4 Now, methinks, I hear one say,  
I will go and prove him ;  
If he takes my sins away,  
Surely I will love him.  
Come, my Saviour, come and smile,  
Smiling moves my burden ;  
I am guilty, poor and vile,  
Yet thou canst me pardon.
- 5 Streams of mercy, how they flow !  
Surely now I feel it :  
Half has never yet been told—  
O could I reveal it !  
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,  
O, the wondrous story !  
I was lost, but now I'm found,  
Glory, glory, glory !

- 6 If no greater joys were known  
In the starry region,  
I would try to travel on,  
In this pure religion.  
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,  
Glory here and yonder !  
Brightest angels join with me,  
To adore and wonder.

## 153

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so !  
Awake, my sluggish soul !  
Nothing hath half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants ; for one poor grain  
See how they toil and strive !  
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above.
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labor'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood.
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts ?  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,  
With vig'rous souls to rise ;

With hands of faith and wings of love,  
To fly and take the prize.

154

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH aching heart and weeping eyes,  
My guilty soul for mercy cries,  
What shall I do, or whither flee,  
'T' escape the vengeance due to me ?
- 2 Till now I saw no danger nigh,  
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die ;  
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,  
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
- 3 But when, great God ! thy light divine  
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,  
Then I beheld with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth and growing years ;  
Before thy pure discerning eye,  
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I !
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,  
Death and destruction are my due,  
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim,  
Salvation free in Jesus' name ?  
To him I look and anxious cry,  
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die ?"

155

L. M.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive !  
Let a repenting rebel live ;

Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy laws, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## 156

## C. M.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear ;  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopt my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never to my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look :  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Tho' not a word he spoke.

- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
 And plung'd me in despair :  
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave ; which said,  
 "I freely all forgive ;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid :  
 I die that thou may'st live."
- 6 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,  
 My spirit now is fill'd ;  
 That I should such a life destroy,  
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

157

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,  
 Opprest with fears, to thee I call,  
 Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,  
 And set my captive spirit free.
- 2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face ?"  
 The invitation I embrace ;  
 I'll seek thy face, thy spirit give !  
 O ! let me see thy face and live.
- 3 I'll seek thy face with cries and tears,  
 With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs ;  
 And if not heard I'll waiting sit,  
 And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 4 But canst thou, Lord, behold my pain,  
 And bid me seek thy face in vain !  
 Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive,  
 The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

158

C. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,  
 In mercy oft are sent.

- They stopp'd the prodigal's career,  
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt,  
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,  
"But hunger, shame and fear ?  
My father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here."
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face ;  
Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,  
He saw and ran and smil'd ;  
Then threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O ! forgive"—  
"Enough," the father said,  
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead."
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain ;  
Go, spread the news around,  
My son was dead but lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home ;  
More than a father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come.

## 159

## C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his captive chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,  
And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord!  
O help my unbelief!
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly:  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,  
Into thy arms I fall,  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all.

## 160

## L. M.

- 1 **M**Y sufferings all to thee are known,  
Tempted in every point like me;  
Regard my grief, regard thy own:  
Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 O call to mind thy earnest pray'rs!  
Thy agony and sweat of blood!  
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears!  
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"
- 3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?  
Who nail'd thy body to the tree!

- Did not thy death my life procure ?  
O let thy bowels answer me !
- 4 Art thou not touch'd with human wo ?  
Hath pity left the Son of Man ?  
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,  
And claim a share in all my pain ?
- 5 Have I not heard, have I not known,  
That thou, the everlasting Lord,  
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,  
Art always faithful to thy word ?
- 6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,  
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,  
Till through the soul thy power is spread,  
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 7 The day of small and feeble things,  
I know thou never wilt despise ;  
I know, with healing in his wings,  
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.
- 8 With labor faint, thou wilt not fail,  
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,  
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,  
And, born of God, I sin no more.

## 161

## L. M.

- 1 **O**H ! for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn heart away ;  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine !
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;  
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake.  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine !



- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, an adamant would melt :  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,  
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear :  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,  
And that blest something much I need :  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt and change this heart of mine.

## 162

7s, 6s, &amp; 1 8.

- 1 **L**AMB of God for sinners slain,  
To thee I humbly pray ;  
Heal me of my grief and pain,  
O take my sins away.  
From this bondage, Lord, release ;  
No longer let me be oppress ;  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast !
- 2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,  
Who humbly comes to thee ?  
No, my God, I cannot doubt,  
Thy mercy is for me :  
Let me then obtain the grace,  
And be of paradise possess :  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast !
- 3 Worldly good I do not want :  
Be that to others given :

Only for thy love I pant ;  
 My all in earth or heaven ;  
 This is the crown I fain would seize,  
 The good wherewith I would be ble.  
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast !

- 4 This delight I fain would prove,  
 And then resign my breath !  
 Join the happy few whose love  
 Was mightier than death !  
 Let it not my Lord displease,  
 That I would die to be thy guest !  
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast !

## 163

## S. M.

- 1 **A**H ! whither should I go,  
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint !  
 To whom should I my troubles show,  
 And pour out my complaint ?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,  
 Ah ! why do I delay ?  
 He calls the weary sinner home,  
 And yet from him I stay !
- 3 What is it keeps me back  
 From which I cannot part ?  
 Which will not let the Saviour take  
 Possession of my heart ?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown  
 Must surely lurk within ;  
 Some idol which I will not own,  
 Some secret bosom-sin.

- 5 Jesus, the hind'rance show,  
Which I have fear'd to see ;  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display ;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.
- 7 I now believe, in thee  
Compassion reigns alone ;  
According to my faith, to me  
O let it, Lord, be done !
- 8 In me is all the bar  
Which thou wouldst fain remove ;  
Remove it, and I shall declare  
That God is only love.

164

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread !  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;  
But since the precept came  
With a convicting power and light,  
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,  
'Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just and pure,  
Is thy eternal law.
- 4 'Then felt my soul the heavy load ;  
My sins revived again ;

I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.

- 5 My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save;  
To break the bonds of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

**165**

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins;  
I feel, alas! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,  
A glimm'ring from afar;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

**166**

S. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, how vile am I,  
Unholy and unclean!

- How can I dare to venture nigh  
With such a load of sin !
- 2 Is this polluted heart  
A dwelling fit for thee !  
Swarming, alas, in every part,  
What evils do I see !
- 3 If I attempt to pray,  
And lisp thy holy name,  
My thoughts are hurried soon away,  
My soul is put to shame.
- 4 If in thy word I look,  
Such darkness fills my mind.  
I only read a sealed book,  
But no relief can find.
- 5 And must I then indeed  
Sink in despair and die ?  
Lord, I believe that thou didst bleed  
For such a wretch as I.
- 6 Low at thy feet I bow ;  
O pity and forgive ;  
Here will I lie and wait till thou  
Shalt bid me rise and live.

## 167

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,  
Prostrate at thy feet I fall ;  
Hear, oh hear the sinner's cry,  
Frown not lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,  
Worst of rebels I have been ;  
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,  
Trampled on thy richest grace.

- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart  
Pierce this bleeding broken heart ;  
Justly might thy kindled ire  
Blast me in eternal fire.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,  
Balm to heal my every wound ;  
Soothe, oh soothe the troubled breast,  
Give the weary wanderer rest.

## 168

C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,  
Here at thy feet, my God,  
My passion, pride, and discontent,  
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
So false as mine has been ;  
So faithless to its promises,  
So prone to every sin.
- 3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
These struggles in my breast ?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest ?
- 4 Break, sovereign grace, oh break the charm,  
And set the captive free :  
Reveal, Almighty God, thy arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

## 169

C. M.

- 1 **P**HYSICIAN of the sin-sick soul  
To thee I bring my case ;  
My raging malady control,  
And heal me by thy grace.

- 2 I would disclose my whole complaint ;  
But where shall I begin ?  
No words of mine can fully paint  
That worst distemper—sin.
- 3 Pity the anguish I endure,  
And save by power divine ;  
For never can I find a cure  
From any hand but thine.
- 4 'Thou great Physician, hear my cry,  
And set my spirit free ;  
Thou wilt not let the sinner die,  
Who longs to live to thee.

## 170

S. M.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,  
Appointed for the poor,  
From year to year a sinful soul  
Had waited for a cure.
- 2 The voice of one unknown,  
Advancing where he lay,  
Bespoke him in a gentle tone,  
And thus it seem'd to say :
- 3 "Poor, sinful, dying soul,  
Why linger here and die ?  
Only consent to be made whole,  
You need no longer lie.
- 4 The Saviour, passing by,  
Well knows your sinking state,  
And while the Saviour is so nigh,  
The sinner need not wait."
- 5 That voice dispell'd the charm,  
His fatal slumbers broke ;

He saw his sins with fresh alarm,  
And fear'd the vengeful stroke.

- 6 Unable to endure,  
He call'd for aid divine—  
The great Physician wrought the cure ;  
That guilty soul was mine.
- 

## JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

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171

L. M.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of faith, eternal Word,  
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,  
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,  
To-day, as yesterday, the same :
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,  
And ask the gift unspeakable ;  
Increase in us the kindled fire,  
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save,  
(Save us, a present Saviour thou !)  
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have ;  
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy name believes,  
Eternal life with thee is given,  
Into himself he all receives,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,  
With strong commanding evidence,  
Their heavenly origin display.



- 6 Faith lends its realizing light,  
 'The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,  
 'Th' Invisible appears in sight,  
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

172

8 lines 8s.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucified God,  
 His pardon at once he receives—  
 Redemption in full through his blood.  
 The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
 And brings such salvation as this,  
 Is more than mere fancy, or name—  
 'The work of God's Spirit it is.
- 2 It treads on the world and on hell,  
 It vanquishes death and despair;  
 And, what is still stranger to tell—  
 It overcomes heaven by pray'r;  
 Permits a vile worm of the dust  
 With God to commune as a friend;  
 His promise of mercy to trust,  
 And look for his love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"  
 That stand between God and the soul;  
 It binds up the broken in heart,  
 The wounded in spirit makes whole;  
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;  
 And raises the sinner on high,  
 To dwell with the angels of light.

173

C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves me from its snares;

- Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares.
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,  
The healing balm to give;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign,  
And bids me seek thy portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.

174

C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight;  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh & sense,  
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home—  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith, we know, the worlds were made,  
By God's almighty word;  
Abram to unknown countries led,  
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands;  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heavenly building stands.

## 175

## C. M.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead :  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial power ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

## 176

## L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,  
Though duteous to thy high command !  
Not seraphs view with open face,  
But veil'd before thy presence stand !
- 2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down  
With sin, and dim with error's night,  
Dare to behold thy awful throne,  
Or view thy unapproached light ?
- 3 Restore my sight ! let thy free grace  
An entrance to the holiest give !  
Open mine eyes of faith ! thy face  
So shall I see : yet seeing live.
- 4 The golden sceptre from above  
Reach forth ; see my whole heart I bow ;

Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,  
My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou!"

- 5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs  
Of a sick heart with pity view!  
Hark, how my silence speaks—and cries,  
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"
- 6 I know thou canst not but be good;  
How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain,  
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,  
To save me from all guilt and pain?
- 7 By faith I to the fountain fly,  
Open'd for all mankind and me,  
To purge my sins of deepest dye,  
My life and heart's impurity:
- 8 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,  
The purple and the crystal stream;  
Pardon and holiness bestows,  
And both I gain through faith in him.

177

4 6s. &amp; 2 8s.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace,

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary !

They pour effectual pray'rs,  
They strongly speak for me :  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die !

4 The father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One :  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son :  
His spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,  
His pard'ning voice I hear :  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

178

C. M.

- 1 **I** ASK the gift of righteousness,  
The sin-subduing power ;  
Power to believe, and go in peace,  
And never grieve Thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,  
The liberty from sin,  
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,  
The kingdom fixt within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray ;  
Thou seest my heart's desire ;  
Make ready in thy powerful day,  
Thy fulness I require.

- 4 My vehement soul cries out, opprest,  
 Impatient to be freed !  
 Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
 Till I am sav'd indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert ?  
 Art thou not willing too ?  
 To change this old rebellious heart,  
 To conquer and renew ?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,  
 So arm me with thy power,  
 That I to sin may never cleave,  
 May never feel it more.

179

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour ! oh, what endless charms  
 Dwell in the blissful sound !  
 Its influence every fear disarms,  
 And spreads sweet peace around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
 In rich effusion flow,  
 For guilty rebels, lost in sin,  
 And doom'd to endless woe.
- 3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,  
 Of bliss, a boundless store ;  
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
 I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,  
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
 My Saviour and my All.

180

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! to me the sight afford,  
 To him of old allow'd ;

- And let my faith behold its Lord,  
Descending in a cloud !
- 2 In that revealing Spirit come down,  
Thine attributes proclaim,  
And to my inmost soul make known  
The glories of thy name.
- 3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,  
Who gav'st my soul to be !  
Fountain of being and of power,  
And great in majesty.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God thou art,  
But let me rather prove,  
That name inspoken to my heart,  
That fav'rite name of Love.
- 5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim  
In this polluted breast ;  
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,  
And suits the sinner best.
- 6 Our mis'ry doth for pity call,  
Our sin implores thy grace ;  
And thou art merciful to all  
Our lost, apostate race.

181

L. M.

- 1 **N**OT by the law of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done,  
Can make a wounded conscience whole !  
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!  
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:  
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display!  
Let guilt and death no longer reign;  
Save me in thine appointed way,  
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

## 182

*8 lines 7s. & 6s.*

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole!  
There is but one Physician,  
Can cure a sin-sick soul!  
The worst of all diseases,  
Is light compar'd with sin,  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within.
- 2 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my pain—  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 3 At length this great Physician—  
How matchless is his grace!  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case—  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatch'd me from the grave,



- To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous power to save.
- 4 A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death.  
Come then to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give,  
He makes no hard condition,  
'Tis only—look—and live.

183

S. M.

- 1 **O**H blessed souls are they,  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;  
Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring wound;  
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray;  
Let saints keep near the throne:  
Our help, in times of deep distress,  
Is found in God alone.

184

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God  
No more imputes his sin;  
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,  
Hath made his garments clean.

- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he  
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;  
And from the guilty bondage free,  
He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,  
His words are all sincere;  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,  
No quiet could I find;  
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,  
My secret sins reveal'd;  
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,  
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

## 185

## L. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, forever bless'd,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities;  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free;  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins!

While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears & shines.

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REGENERATION AND ADOPTION.

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186

C. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS! this solemn truth regard!  
Hear, all ye sons of men;  
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,  
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,  
The sinner's boast is vain:  
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd,  
The heart a sink of sin;  
Without a change we can't be sav'd,  
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
And flesh it will remain;  
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,  
"Ye must be born again."
- 5 Spirit of life! thy grace impart,  
And breathe on sinners slain:  
Bear witness, Lord, with every heart,  
That we are born again.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin  
To trust and love thy word;

And, by forsaking every sin,  
Prove we are born of God.

**187**      P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **A** WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
Expos'd to endless woe ;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or else to ruin go.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,  
Which way to shun the gates of hell ;  
For death and hell drew near.  
I strove indeed, but strove in vain—  
The sinner must be born again,  
Still sounded in mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head ;  
I no relief could find.  
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast oppressive load :  
Alas ! I read and saw it plain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare :

Yet when I found this truth remain :  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 I sunk in deep despair.

- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd this way,  
 I felt his pity move.  
 The sinner by his justice slain  
 Now by his grace is born again,  
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,  
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,  
 And loftier notes did raise ;  
 All hail the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Unnumber'd millions born again,  
 Will shout thy endless praise.

188

L. M.

- 1 **A**SSIST my soul, my heavenly King,  
 Thine everlasting love to sing ;  
 And joyful spread thy praise abroad,  
 As one through grace that's born of God.
- 2 No, it was not the will of man,  
 My soul's new heavenly birth began,  
 Nor will, nor power of flesh and blood,  
 That turn'd my heart from sin to God.
- 3 Herein let self be all abas'd,  
 And heavenly love alone confess'd ;  
 'This be my song through all the road,  
 That born I am, and born of God.
- 4 O may this love my soul constrain,  
 To make returns of love again ;

That I, while earth is my abode,  
May live like one that's born of God.

- 5 And when th' appointed hour shall come,  
And thou wilt call me to my home,  
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,  
And sing and say, I'm born of God.

189

C. M.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace ;  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh ;  
New models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death ;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

190

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,  
The stubborn will subdue ?

- 'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise,  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine :  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## 191

S. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure ;  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

- 5 If in my Father's love  
     I share a filial part,  
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,  
     To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
     Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
 Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
     And thou the kindred own.

**192**

C. M.

- 1 **G**RACE, like an uncorrupted seed,  
     Abides and reigns within ;  
 Immortal principles forbid  
     The sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave  
     Do they perform his will,  
 But with the noblest powers they have  
     His sweet commands fulfil.
- 3 They find access, at every hour,  
     To God within the veil :  
 Hence they derive a quick'ning power,  
     And joys that never fail.
- 4 Oh happy souls ! oh glorious state  
     Of overflowing grace !  
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
     And see his lovely face !
- 5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne :  
     Call me a child of thine ;  
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
     To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy choicest love abroad,  
     And make my comforts strong ;



Then shall I say, "My Father God,"  
With an unwav'ring tongue.

193

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,  
And chang'd my mournful state,  
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
The grace appear'd so great.
  - 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did thy hand confess;  
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.
  - 3 "Great is the work;" my neighbors cried,  
And own'd the power divine;  
"Great is the work," my heart replied,  
"And be the glory thine."
  - 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night;  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.
- 

## FULL REDEMPTION.

194

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS comes with all his grace,  
Comes to save a fallen race;  
Object of our glorious hope,  
Jesus comes to lift us up!
- 2 Let the living stones cry out;  
Let the sons of Abrah'm shout:

- Praise we all our lowly King ;  
Give him thanks ; rejoice and sing.
- 3 He hath our salvation wrought ;  
He our captive souls hath bought :  
He hath reconcil'd to God :  
He hath wash'd us in his blood.
- 4 We are now his lawful right ;  
Walk as children of the light :  
We shall soon obtain the grace,  
Pure in heart to see his face.
- 5 We shall gain our calling's prize ;  
After God we all shall rise,  
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,  
Perfected in holiness.
- 6 Let us then rejoice in hope,  
Steadily to Christ look up ;  
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,  
Wait, till he appear within.
- 7 Fools and madmen let us be,  
Yet is our sure trust in thee ;  
Faithful is the promis'd word,  
We shall all be as our Lord.
- 8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day ;  
Let thy every servant say,  
"I have now obtain'd the power,  
Born of God to sin no more."

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour Jesus, from above !  
Assist me with thy heavenly grace !  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free ;  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,  
No other good will I pursue :  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,  
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul ;  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,  
But thy pure love within my breast :  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

196

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE thing my God doth hate,  
That I no more may do,  
Thy creature, Lord, again create,  
And all my soul renew.
- 2 My soul shall then, like thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean,  
And sanctify'd by love divine,  
Forever cease from sin.
- 3 That blessed law of thine,  
Jesus, to me impart ;

- The Spirit's law of life divine,  
O write it in my heart.
- 4 Implant it deep within,  
Whence it may ne'er remove,  
The law of liberty from sin,  
The perfect law of love.
- 5 Thy nature be my law,  
Thy spotless sanctity ;  
And sweetly every moment draw  
My happy soul to thee.
- 6 Soul of my soul remain !  
Who didst for all fulfil,  
In me, O Lord, fulfil again,  
'Thy heavenly Father's will.

## 197

## C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne :  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart !  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human wo ;  
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,  
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,  
'Till thou create my peace,  
Till of my Eden reposess'd,  
From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow that peace unknown ;  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

## 198

## L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest,  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God !  
And I am thine by sacred ties,  
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 E'en life itself, without thy love,  
No lasting pleasure can afford ;

Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise:  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

## 199

## L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,  
O burst these bonds and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought, let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee;  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

200

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I know, I feel thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have is lost in thine,  
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
And will not let thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad:  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixt in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire,  
Might now begin to glow!  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume:  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,  
When enter'd into rest,  
I only live my God t' admire,  
My God forever blest!
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move;

But Christ be all the world to me,  
And all my heart be love.

201

S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Truth, my Way,  
My sure unerring Light,  
On thee my feeble steps I stay,  
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide,  
My Counselor thou art;  
O never let me leave thy side,  
Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,  
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,  
That I may now enlighten'd be,  
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove  
Out of thy hands my cause,  
But rest in thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon thy cross.
- 5 Teach me the happy art,  
In all things to depend  
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,  
But love me to the end.
- 6 Still stir me up to strive  
With thee in strength divine;  
And every moment, Lord, revive  
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul,  
Throughout the fiery hour,  
Till I am every whit made whole,  
And show forth all thy power.



- 8 Through fire and water bring  
    Into the wealthy place ;  
And teach me the new song to sing,  
    When perfected in grace !
- 9 O make me all like thee,  
    Before I hence remove !  
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,  
    And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,  
    When sin is all destroy'd ;  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
    And take me home to God.

## 202

## C. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
    And ever prays for me ;  
A token of his love he gives,  
    A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,  
    He brings salvation near ;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
    And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be !  
    What can withstand his will ?  
The counsel of his grace in me  
    He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;  
    I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
    And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
    To meet thee from above :

- Thy goodness thankfully adores :  
And sure I *taste* thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,  
In all its *depth* and *height* :  
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,  
And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am his,  
Of paradise possést,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.
- 8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,  
Fully in thee believe,  
'Tis more than angel tongues can tell,  
Or angel minds conceive.
- 9 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,  
And die to make it known :  
The great salvation now explain,  
And perfect us in one.

## 203

L. M.

- 1 **H**E wills that I should holy be ;  
That holiness I long to feel ;  
That full divine conformity  
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,  
Accomplish'd in the change of mine ;  
And plunge me, every whit made whole,  
In all the depths of love divine !
- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,  
And waits to prove thine utmost will :  
The promise, by thy mercy made,  
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.

- 4 No more I stagger at thy power,  
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move :  
Hasten the long-expected hour,  
And bless me with thy perfect love.

204

C. M.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,  
Christ shall in me appear !  
I, even I, shall see his face ;  
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reach'd out, I view ;  
Conqu'ror through him I soon shall seize,  
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see :  
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)  
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay ;  
He shakes his future home ;  
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,  
Into thy temple come !
- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art ;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou water'st from on high,  
But make it all a pool :  
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,  
Spring up within my soul !
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void :

Thou only canst my spirit fill :  
Come, O my God, my God !

## 205

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,  
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,  
Up to thee our souls we raise,  
Up to thee our bodies yield.
- 2 Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable through thy Son,  
While to thee alone we live,  
While we die to thee alone.
- 3 Meet it is, and just, and right,  
That we should be wholly thine ;  
In thy only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join.
- 4 O that every work and word  
Might proclaim how good thou art ;  
"Holiness unto the Lord,"  
Still be written on our heart !

## 206

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET Him to whom we now belong,  
His sovereign right assert ;  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,  
Who bought us with a price :  
The Christian lives to Christ alone,  
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,  
Fulfil our hearts' desire ;

And let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire!

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;  
With joy we render thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but thine  
To all eternity.

**207**

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy loving Spirit alone  
Can lead me forth, and make me free;  
Burst every bond through which I groan,  
And set my heart at liberty.
- 2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,  
And give thy servant to possess  
The land of rest from inbred sin,  
The land of perfect holiness.
- 3 Lord, if I b'lieve thy power the same,  
The same thy truth and grace endure;  
And in thy blessed hands I am,  
And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- 4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole  
Entirely all my sins remove!  
To perfect health restore my soul,  
To perfect holiness and love.

**208**

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O my God, the promise seal,  
This mountain sin remove!  
Now in my waiting soul reveal  
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,  
Thy righteousness brought in:

I ask, desire, and trust in thee  
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this as taught by thee I pray,  
And can no longer doubt!

Remove from hence, to sin I say,  
Be cast this moment out.

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,  
'This moment be subdu'd!

Be cast into the crimson tide  
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour thou!

In all the confidence of hope  
I claim the blessing now!

6 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless;

Redemption through thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

## 269

## L. M.

1 **O** GOD, most merciful and true.  
Thy nature to my soul impart,  
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restor'd,  
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,  
And in the knowledge of my Lord,  
Fulness of life eternal find!

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more.  
That them I may no more forget;  
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore  
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

- 4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,  
I shall not in thy presence move,  
But breathe unutterable praise,  
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,  
Expires, in sweet confusion lost :  
I cannot of my cross complain,  
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,  
My mouth as in the dust I hide ;  
And glory give to God alone,  
My God forever pacified !
- 

## REJOICING AND PRAISE.

—

210

C. M.

*First Part.*

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus !—the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 4 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for *me*.
- 5 He speaks—and list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## 211

C. M.

*Second Part.*

- 1 **L**OOK unto Him, ye nations; own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.
- 2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
The Lamb of God was slain:  
His soul was once an off'ring made  
For every soul of man.
- 3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,  
And Christ shall give you light;  
Cast all your sins into the deep,  
And wash the Ethiop white.
- 4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven;  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.



## 212

## C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
 What pleasure to our ears!  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

## CHORUS.

*Glory, honor, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb forever!  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!  
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord!*

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly,  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky,  
 Conspire to raise the sound.  
*Glory, &c.*
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
 To thee the praise belongs:  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.  
*Glory, &c.*

## 213

## C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,  
 Who knows his sins forgiven!  
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven.
- 2 A country far from mortal sight,  
 Yet O! by faith I see,  
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
 The heaven prepar'd for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
 While here on earth we stay,

We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

5 O would he more of heaven bestow !  
And let the vessels break ;  
And let our ransom'd spirits go,  
To grasp the God we seek ;

6 In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
To all eternity.

**214**

C. M.

1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend !  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end !  
The numbers of thy grace.

2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;  
Thy goodness I adore ;  
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road :  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake ! awake ! my tuneful powers,  
With this delightful song,  
And entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

## 215

## L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise  
Your hearts and voices in his praise:  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn:  
He clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
The beast with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?  
The sprightly man, or war-like horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
He looks, and loves his image there.

## 216

## C. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And as they tune it, fall.

Before his face, who tunes their choir,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fix'd this floating ball:  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyr's of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd of the fall:  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Hail him ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call:  
The God incarnate, Man divine,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget,  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

8 Let every tribe and every tongue,  
That hear the Saviour's call,  
Now shout a universal song,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

## 217

8 lines 8s.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art:

The pasture I languish to find,  
 Where all who their shepherd obey,  
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,  
 And screen'd from the heat of the day.

- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place,  
 The place of thy people's abode;  
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
 And hang on a crucified God:  
 Thy love for a sinner declare;  
 Thy passion and death on a tree;  
 My spirit to Calvary bear,  
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
 There only I covet to rest;  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
 'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart:  
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thy heart.

## 218

L. M.

- 1 **J**OIN all who love the Saviour's name,  
 To sing his everlasting fame;  
 Great God, prepare each heart and voice,  
 In him forever to rejoice.
- 2 With him I daily love to walk,  
 Of him my soul delights to talk;  
 On him I cast my every care;  
 Like him one day I shall appear.
- 3 Take him for strength and righteousness,  
 Make him thy refuge in distress;

Love him above all earthly joy,  
And him in every thing employ.

- 4 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs,  
To him your highest praise belongs ;  
Bless him who does your heaven prepare,  
And whom you'll praise forever there.

**219**

4 8s. &amp; 4 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise :  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it :  
Mount of thy redeeming love !
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood !
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;  
Seal it for thy courts above.

220

4 6s. &amp; 2 8.

- 1 **Y**E ransom'd sinners, hear,  
The pris'ners of the Lord:  
And wait till Christ appear,  
According to his word:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 Let others hug their chains,  
For sin and Satan plead,  
And say, from sin's remains  
They never can be freed;  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 In God we put our trust;  
If we our sins confess,  
Faithful is he, and just,  
From all unrighteousness  
To cleanse us all, both you and me:  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 Surely in us the hope  
Of glory shall appear;  
Sinners, your heads lift up,  
And see redemption near:  
Again, I say, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,  
My fellow pris'ners now,  
Ye soon the wreath shall wear  
On your triumphant brow:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 6 The word of God is sure,  
And never can remove ;  
We shall in heart be pure,  
And perfected in love :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 7 Then let us gladly bring  
Our sacrifice of praise :  
Let us give thanks and sing,  
And glory in his grace :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

**221**

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God :  
But servants of the heavenly king  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas.
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love ;  
He will send down his heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin ;



- There from the rivers of his grace  
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise  
 To that immortal state,  
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
 Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below :  
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry :  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

## 222

## L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,  
 The blessing of God's chosen race ;  
 The wisdom coming from above,  
 The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description, he  
 Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"  
 The gift unspeakable obtains,  
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price  
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?  
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
 And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,  
 True riches, and immortal praise :  
 Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,  
 And honor that descends from God.

- 5 To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains :  
Thrice happy who his guest retains :  
He owns, and shall forever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

## 223

4 6s. &amp; 2 8s.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be join'd  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind :  
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus ! transporting sound !  
The joy of earth and heaven ;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have ;  
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus ! harmonious name !  
It charms the host above ;  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love !  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free ;  
'Tis music in his ears ;  
'Tis life and victory :

New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,  
My poor expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole ;  
See there my Lord upon the tree !  
I hear, I feel he died for me.

6 O unexampled love !  
O all-redeeming grace !  
How swiftly didst thou move  
To save a fallen race !  
What shall I do to make it known,  
What thou for all mankind hast done ?

7 O for a trumpet voice,  
On all the world to call !  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In him who died for all !  
For all my Lord was crucify'd ;  
For all, for all my Saviour died.

224

P. M.

1 **T**ELL me no more  
Of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;  
A country I've found  
Where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe  
In paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive ;  
My soul, don't delay—

He calls thee away,  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless that glad  
day.

3 No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength and comfort—go after  
him, go ;  
Lo, onward I move  
To a city above,  
None guesses how wondrous my journey  
will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win  
From death, hell, and sin,  
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ  
within:  
And when I'm to die,  
Receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,  
We two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind ;  
So this is the race  
I'm running through grace  
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care,  
My neighbors may share  
These blessings: to seek them will none of  
you dare ?  
In bondage, O why,  
And death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is so  
nigh ?

225

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;  
The wings of love and arms of faith,  
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

226

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all,  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
When virtue lies distress'd ;  
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown  
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
 'Thou hear'st thy children's cry;  
 And their best wishes to fulfil  
 'Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove  
 From men of heart sincere:  
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
 Is join'd with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
 And spread thy fame abroad;  
 Let all the sons of Adam raise  
 The honors of their God.

227

L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone,  
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men:  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise:  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world, is thy command:  
 Vast as eternity, thy love;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

228

P. M.

- 1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin;

- Mov'd by thy divine compassion,  
Who hast died my heart to win,  
I will praise thee, I will praise thee  
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
He hath brought salvation near;  
Manifests his pard'ning favor;  
And when Jesus doth appear,  
Soul and body, Soul and body,  
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
Glory to the Great I AM!  
I with them will still be vying,  
Glory! glory to the Lamb!  
O how precious, O how precious,  
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,  
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,  
Glad to join the holy song:  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Love and praise to Christ belong!
- 5 Now I see with joy and wonder,  
Whence the gracious spring arose;  
Angel minds are lost to ponder,  
Dying love's mysterious cause;  
Yet the blessing, Yet the blessing,  
Down to all, to me it flows!
- 6 This hath set me all on fire;  
Strongly glows the flame of love;  
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,  
Struggles for its swift remove;

Then I'll praise him, Then I'll praise him,  
In a nobler strain above !

## 229

C. M.

- 1 **O** 'Tis delight without alloy,  
Jesus, to hear thy name ;  
My spirit leaps with inward joy,  
I feel the sacred flame.
- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,  
When love inspires my breast,  
Love, the divinest of the train,  
The sovereign of the rest.
- 3 This is the grace must live and sing,  
When faith and hope shall cease,  
Must sound from every joyful string,  
Through the sweet groves of bliss.
- 4 Let life immortal seize my clay ;  
Let love refine my blood ;  
Her flames can bear my soul away,  
Can bring me near my God.
- 5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,  
And hasten to my home,  
I leap to meet the kind embrace,  
I come, O Lord, I come.
- 6 Sink down, ye separating hills,  
Let sin and death remove ;  
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,  
And death must yield to love.

## 230

P. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy are they,  
Who their Saviour obey,



And have laid up their treasure above!  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb!  
When my heart it believ'd  
What a joy I receiv'd,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
The angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all his salvation might see!  
He hath lov'd me, I cried,  
He hath suffer'd and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,  
I was carried above  
All sin, and temptation, and pain;  
I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I,  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:  
My soul mounted higher



His easy yoke I'll bear  
 With delight ;  
 His easy yoke I'll bear,  
 And his cross I will not fear ;  
 His name I will declare,  
 Evermore, Evermore,  
 His name I will declare,  
 Evermore.

- 4 And when we all get home,  
 We will sing, we will sing,  
 And when we all get home,  
 We will sing ;  
 And when we all get home,  
 Around our Father's throne,  
 And myriads join the theme,  
 We'll sing on, We'll sing on,  
 And myriads join the theme,  
 We'll sing on.

232

C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, Jehovah's name,  
 And in his strength rejoice ;  
 When his salvation is our theme,  
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
 And psalms of honor sing ;  
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come and with humble souls adore,  
 Come kneel before his face ;  
 O may the creatures of his power  
 Be children of his grace.

- 4 Now is the time he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,  
“Ye shall not see my rest.”

## 233

8 lines 8s.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see ;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, & sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me :  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December 's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice ;  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear,  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind :  
While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,

Say why do I languish and pine ?  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore :  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

234

P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! how the Gospel trumpet sounds !  
Through all the world the echo bounds,  
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,  
Is bringing sinners back to God :  
And guides them safely by his word  
To endless day.
- 2 Hail ! all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord !  
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,  
Who undertook for sinful man,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee may ever reign  
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on !  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share ;  
And crowns of glory ever wear  
In endless day.
- 4 There we shall in full chorus join,  
With saints and angels all combine,  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
And this shall be our theme above  
In endless day.

## 235

L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise,  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing:  
The great salvation loud proclaim:  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song:  
To every land the strains belong;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

## 236

S. M.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker, God,  
How glorious is thy name!  
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,  
Throughout creation's frame!
- 2 In native white and red  
The rose and lily stand,  
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,  
To show thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky,  
With unambitious song;  
And bears her Maker's praise on high,  
Upon her artless tongue.

- 4 Fain would I rise and sing  
 To my Creator too ;  
 Fain would my heart adore my King,  
 And give him praises due.
- 5 Descend, celestial fire,  
 And seize me from above !  
 Wrap me in flames of pure desire,  
 A sacrifice of love.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend  
 The remnant of my days :  
 And to my God my soul ascend  
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

237

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; exalt his name,  
 While in his holy courts ye wait,  
 Ye saints, who to his house belong,  
 Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good ;  
 To praise his name is sweet employ ;  
 Israel he chose of old, and still  
 His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;  
 He treats his servants as his friends :  
 And, when he hears their sore complaints,  
 Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares  
 His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;  
 He gives his suffering servants rest,  
 And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless him, all ye who taste his love ;  
 People and priests, exalt his name :

Among his saints he ever dwells;  
His church is his Jerusalem.

238

4 6s. &amp; 2 8s.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King;  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice.  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love.  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy:  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.



- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come;  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

**239**

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**240**

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;

- The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his works and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

**241***4 lines 7s.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born,  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No—the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.
- 

## PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

—

242

C. M.

- 1 **P**RAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death—  
He enters heaven with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way,

The path of pray'r thyself hast trod :  
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

243

S. M.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father, hear  
The pray'r we offer now :  
Thy name be hallow'd, far and near,  
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live ;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be  
Glory and power divine ;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.
- 6 Thus humbly taught to pray,  
By thy beloved Son,  
Through him we come to thee, and say—  
All for his sake be done.

244

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAY'R is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
If guilt deject; if sin distress;  
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,  
Though thought be broken, language lame,  
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak:  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not; his merits must prevail:  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

245

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there!
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw—  
Gives exercise to faith and love—  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;  
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

- 4 Have you no words ? ah ! think again :  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplications sent—  
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,  
“Hear what the Lord has done for me !”

## 246

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call :  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell :  
'Tis paradise when thou art here,  
If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are !  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss ;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above,  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford ;

No, not one drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll :  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinite desire :  
And yet how far from thee I lie !  
O Jesus, raise me higher.

247

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y hope, my all, my Saviour thou,  
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow ;  
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,  
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,  
Protect me through my life's short day ;  
In all my acts may wisdom guide,  
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me ;  
As I have need, my Saviour be :  
And if I would from thee depart,  
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,  
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;  
Tear every idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My sull'ring time shall soon be o'er,  
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;  
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,  
To sing thy praise in endless day.

## 248

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know,  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy power:  
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,  
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
O let me now receive that gift,  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die:  
O speak, and I shall live:  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,  
Could they but see thy face:  
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

## 249

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the all-restoring Word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,  
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,  
Ah, when shall I wake up!



- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,  
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,  
In heaven above to give,  
Give me thy only love to know,  
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love ;  
In mystic union join  
Me to thyself, and let me prove  
The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between  
My longing soul and thee,  
Never to be broke off again  
To all eternity.

**250**

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
And make thy glory known ;  
Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,  
And plead a Saviour's name ;  
For all that we can call our own  
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more,  
And sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never lov'd before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,

May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room.

251

C. M.

- 1 **H**ERE, in the presence of our God,  
We've met to seek his face :  
O let us feel th' eternal Word,  
And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O may this be a happy hour  
To every mourning soul ;  
Display thy love, make known thy power,  
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,  
Each stupid soul inflame :  
And sacred love our hearts inspire,  
To praise thy worthy name.
- 4 Let every soul the Saviour see,  
And taste his heavenly love :  
And every heart forever be  
In praise to thee above.
- 5 And when our mortal days are o'er,  
And we shall hence remove,  
Help us to thy right hand to soar,  
Thine endless love to prove.

252

L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn pray'r and praise :
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be  
Amid that little company ;

To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glory round the place."

- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word:  
O send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

253

6 lines 8s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
The same through one eternal day,  
Attend thy feeblest follower's call,  
And O, instruct us how to pray!  
Pour out the supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek thy face.
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,  
We cannot feel a good desire,  
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,  
The power into our hearts inspire;  
And then we in the Spirit groan,  
And then we give thee back thine own.
- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint,  
Of all thy tempted follow'rs here,  
And now supply the common want,  
And send us down the comforter,  
The Spirit of ceaseless pray'r impart,  
And fix thy Agent in our heart.
- 4 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,  
To us who for thy coming stay;  
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,  
We ask the constant power to pray;  
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,  
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

254

S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, attend  
Thy feeble creature's cry ;  
And show thyself the sinner's friend,  
And set me up on high.
- 2 From hell's oppressive power  
My struggling soul release ;  
And to thy Father's grace restore,  
And to thy perfect peace.
- 3 Thy blood and righteousness  
I make my only plea ;  
My present and eternal peace,  
Are both deriv'd from thee.
- 4 Rivers of life divine  
From thee, their fountain, flow ;  
And all who know that love of thine,  
The joy of angels know.
- 5 Come, then, impute, impart  
To me thy righteousness ;  
And let me taste how good thou art,  
How full of truth and grace.
- 6 That thou canst here forgive  
Grant me to testify ;  
And justifi'd by faith to live,  
And in that faith to die.

255

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, whom all thy saints adore,  
We now with all thy saints agree,  
And bow our inmost souls before  
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

- 2 The King of nations we proclaim :  
Who would not our great Sovereign fear ?  
We long t' experience all thy name,  
And now we come to meet thee here.
- 3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,  
And for thy loving kindness wait ;  
And O, how dreadful is this place !  
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate !
- 4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,  
To thee our trembling hearts aspire :  
And lo ! we see descend from high  
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,  
And all the house with glory fill :  
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,  
And lead us to thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,  
And join the general church above ;  
And take our seats at thy right hand,  
And sing thine everlasting love.
- 7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,  
Now on thy great white throne appear,  
And let mine eyes behold my King,  
And let me see my Saviour there.

256

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;

- Our souls how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise :  
Hosannas languish on our tongues  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great !
- 5 Come. Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

257

P. M. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again,  
Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest for want of thy assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;  
Let each one esteem thy servant.  
Shun the world's bewitching snares,  
Lord, revive us, &c.

- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
 And begin from this good hour,  
 To revive thy work afresh.  
 Lord, revive us, &c.

258

C. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,  
 In this our evil day;  
 To all thy tempted foll'wers give  
 The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
 Long as the cross we bear,  
 O let our souls on thee be cast  
 In never-ceasing pray'r!
- 3 The spirit of interceding grace,  
 Give us in faith to claim;  
 To wrestle till we see thy face,  
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart;  
 Till thou thyself bestow;  
 Be this the cry of every heart,  
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go unless  
 Thou tell thy name to me;  
 With all thy great salvation bless,  
 And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain top  
 Behold thy open face;  
 Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,  
 And pray'r in endless praise.

## 259

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of me and all mankind,  
And all the hosts above,  
Let every understanding mind  
Unite to praise thy love!
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,  
One God in persons Three;  
And glorify the great I Am,  
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,  
To every heart of man:  
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
In all our bosoms reign.
- 4 Thy righteousness our sins keep down,  
Thy peace our passions bind;  
And let us, in thy joy unknown,  
The first dominion find.
- 5 The righteousness that never ends,  
But makes an end of sin;  
The joy that human thought transcends,  
Into our souls bring in.
- 6 The kingdom of establish'd peace,  
Which can no more remove;  
The perfect power of godliness,  
Th' omnipotence of love.

## 260

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS good to wait upon the Lord,  
When Christ himself draws near,  
And every heart with one accord  
Ascends in solemn pray'r.



- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,  
In heavenly showers descend,  
Our souls commune with saints above,  
In bliss that knows no end.
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace ;  
The fountain makes them sing :  
We travel through the wilderness—  
They sit before the King.
- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well,  
The conflict but begun :  
They of their past engagements tell,  
And sing the conquests won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,  
And are sometimes cast down ;  
They wield no more the warrior's sword,  
But wear the conqu'ror's crown.

261

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 When with a broken, contrite heart,  
I lift mine eyes to thee ;  
Thy name proclaim, thyself impart,  
In love remember me.
- 3 In sore temptations, when no way  
To shun the ill I see,  
My strength proportion to my day,  
And then remember me.
- 4 And when I tread the vale of death,  
And bow at thy decree,

Then Saviour, with my latest breath,  
I'll cry, remember me.

## 262

C. M.

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,  
To worship at thy feet;  
O, pour thy holy Spirit down  
On all that now shall meet!
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
To hear the Saviour's voice:  
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,  
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,  
And understand thy word;  
To feel thy blissful presence near,  
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,  
Thy love and mercy known;  
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,  
And break this flinty stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,  
And saints rejoice in thee;  
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,  
And to the Saviour flee.

## 263

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **H**ERALDS of the King of kings,  
Preach the peace the gospel brings,  
Loud extol th' incarnate God,  
Preach the virtue of his blood.
- 2 Celebrate with every breath  
Jesus' meritorious death:

Speak of Jesus' saving name,  
Which forever is the same.

- 3 And may we in chorus join,  
Blessing, praising, Love divine ;  
Never be ashamed to tell,  
Christ hath saved our souls from hell.

264

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O ! do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend :  
In compassion now descend ;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down lift up ;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find,  
Thee a gracious God and kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

## 265

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfi'd with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,  
With sov'reign power and energy,  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.

## 266

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,  
And bid the sleeper rise;  
And let each guilty conscience dread  
The death that never dies.
- 3 To them a sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Quicken, and wash the troubled heart  
In thine atoning blood.
- 4 Their desp'rate state through sin declare,  
And speak their sins forgiven;  
By daily growth in grace prepare,  
Then take them up to heaven.

267

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Father, gracious Lord,  
Give us ears to hear thy word;  
Give us hearts to love and fear,  
Give us now to find thee near.
  - 2 Let us know and praise thee more,  
Let us live on mercy's store,  
Let us sing our Saviour's love,  
Till we join the saints above.
  - 3 Then we'll praise thee and adore,  
On the happy blissful shore;  
Praise with all the heavenly host,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
- 

## WATCHFULNESS.

268

S. M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil:  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give!

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assur'd if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

269

S. M.

- 1 **G**IVE me a sober mind,  
A quick discerning eye,  
The first approach of sin to find,  
And all occasions fly.
- 2 Still may I cleave to thee,  
And never more depart,  
But watch with godly jealousy,  
Over my evil heart.
- 3 Thus may I pass my days  
Of sojourning beneath,  
And languish to conclude my race,  
And render up my breath.
- 4 In humble love and fear,  
Thine image to regain,  
And see thee in the clouds appear,  
And rise with thee to reign!

270

C. M.

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise?  
What snares beset my way!  
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears:  
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!  
How strong my foes and fears!

- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, confirm my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, thy powerful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

271

S. M.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, shake  
This slumber from my soul!  
Say to me now, "Awake, awake;  
And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand,  
Alarm me in this hour:  
And make me fully understand  
The thunder of thy power!
- 3 Give me on thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepar'd,  
And ready may I be,

- For ever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to thee.
- 5 O do thou always warn,  
My soul of evil near!  
When to the right or left I turn,  
Thy voice still let me hear :
- 6 "Come back ; this is the way !  
Come back ! and walk therein !"  
O may I hearken and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin !

272

S. M.

- 1 **B**ID me of men beware,  
And to my ways take heed ;  
Discern their every secret snare,  
And circumspectly tread.
- 2 O may I calmly wait  
Thy succours from above !  
And stand against their open hate,  
And well-dissembled love.
- 3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,  
When men and devils join :  
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,  
In panoply divine.
- 4 O may I set my face,  
His onsets to repel !  
Quench all his fiery darts and chase  
The fiend to his own hell.
- 5 But above all, afraid  
Of my own bosom foe,  
Still let me seek to thee for aid,  
To thee my weakness show ;



- 6 Hang on thy arm alone,  
 With self-distrusting care,  
 And deeply in the Spirit groan,  
 The never-ceasing pray'r.

273

C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord—  
 "Now will I watch my tongue,  
 Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
 Or do my neighbor wrong."  
 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay  
 With men of lives profane,  
 I'll set a double guard that day,  
 Nor let my talk be vain.  
 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
 The pious thoughts I feel;  
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
 To mock my holy zeal.  
 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,  
 I'll not be over-aw'd;  
 But let the scoffing sinners hear  
 That I can speak for God.

274

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 **G**O watch and pray; thou canst not tell  
 How near thine hour may be;  
 Thou canst not know how soon the bell  
 May toll its notes for thee:  
 Death's countless snares beset thy way:  
 Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.  
 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,  
 Does thy firm pulse beat high?

Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,  
 Dilate before thine eye ?  
 Soon these must change—must pass away,  
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

- 3 Thou aged man ! life's wintry storm  
 Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom ;  
 With trembling limbs and wasting form,  
 Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb :  
 And can vain hope lead *thee* astray ?  
 Go, weary pilgrim ! watch and pray.
- 4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath !  
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye !  
 Behold ! the caverns, dark with death,  
 Before you open lie :  
 The heavenly warning now obey ;  
 Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

## 275

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, hast blest my going out,  
 O bless my coming in !  
 Compass my weakness round about,  
 And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place,  
 Thy tabernacle spread ;  
 Shelter me with preserving grace,  
 And screen my naked head.
- 3 To **T**HEE for refuge may I run,  
 From sin's alluring snare :  
 Ready its first approach to shun,  
 And watching unto pray'r.
- 4 O that I never, never more  
 Might from thy ways depart ;

Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,  
By giving thee my heart.

- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,  
And then from earth release ;  
I ask not life, but let me love,  
And lay me down in peace.
- 

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

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226

P. M.

- 1 **F**ROM whence does this union arise,  
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?  
It fastens our souls with such ties,  
That distance, nor time can remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends once so dear unto me,  
Our souls so united in love ;  
Where Jesus is gone, we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansion above.
- 4 O ! why then so loth for to part !  
Since there we shall all meet again,  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And then we shall see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,

Set free from the prisons of clay,  
United in Jesus's love.

- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
And all his bright glory shall see,  
Singing hallelujahs, amen ;  
Amen ! even so let it be.

## 277

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, united by thy grace,  
And each to each endear'd ;  
With confidence we seek thy face,  
And know our pray'r is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear thine easy yoke,  
A band of love, a three-fold cord,  
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,  
Baptize into thy name ;  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree :  
And ever t'wards each other move,  
And ever move t'wards thee.

## 278

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word !
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;

- May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes fix above ;  
May each his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow :  
And union sweet and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above :  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

279

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,  
Cemented, mix'd in one ;  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice ;  
'Tis heaven on earth begun !
- 2 Our hearts have burnt while Jesus spake,  
And glow'd with sacred fire ;  
He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and blest,  
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,  
The heavens are big with rain ;  
We haste to catch the teeming shower,  
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !  
But pour a mighty flood ;  
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
Till all proclaim thee God.

- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
And sett'st thy starry crown ;  
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
Proclaim'd by thee thine own.
- 6 May we, a little band of love,  
Be fully sav'd by grace ;  
From glory unto glory chang'd,  
Behold thee face to face !

## 280

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part ;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified !
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his belov'd embrace ;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore ;

When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more.

281

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly :  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For, O ! the wolf is nigh !
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay ;  
He seizes every straggling soul,  
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thy arm ;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side ;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree :  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee !
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die ;  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

282

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face !

- Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For his redeeming grace!
- 2 Preserv'd by power divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
And in his sight appear.
- 3 What troubles have we seen!  
What conflicts have we past!  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last.
- 4 But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love;  
And still he doth his help afford,  
And hides our life above.
- 5 Then let us make our boast  
Of his redeeming grace,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Who here his footsteps trace.
- 6 Let us take up the cross,  
'Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

- 1 **A**LL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by his grace,  
And bids us each to each restor'd,  
'Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up,  
And gather'd into one,  
To our high calling's glorious hope,  
We hand in hand go on.



- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove,  
The grace through every vessel flows,  
In purest streams of love.
- 4 Ev'n now we speak and think the same,  
And cordially agree,  
United all through Jesus' name  
In perfect harmony.
- 5 We all partake the joy of one,  
The common peace we feel ;  
A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
A joy unspeakable.
- 6 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What height of rapture shall we know,  
When round his throne we meet!

284

S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love :  
'The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The symphathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain,

But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

285

P. M.

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature  
complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with  
saints ;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's  
room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

## CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.*

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of  
peace !  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot  
cease,  
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I  
roam,  
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

- 3 I long from this body of clay to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion  
with thee :  
Tho' now my temptations like billows may  
foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee  
at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my  
day ;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
'The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy  
face :  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy  
throne,  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of  
home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to  
shine,  
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at  
home.

286

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE, Jesus, thy disciples see,  
The promis'd blessing give !  
Met in thy name, we look to thee,  
Expecting to receive.

- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in thy name are join'd;  
We wait according to thy word,  
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here,  
But, O! thyself reveal!  
Son of the living God, appear!  
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live;  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,  
"The Holy Ghost receive."
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!  
Jesus, the Crucified:  
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,  
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive!  
Speak, and the tokens show,  
"O be not faithless, but believe  
In Me, who died for you!"

287

L. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more a pleasant interview  
The Lord doth grant us, to renew  
Our social friendship, kind and dear;  
Our hearts to warm, our souls to cheer.
- 2 While we were absent far abroad,  
We saw the kindness of our God;  
Therefore his love let us adore,  
That we are here alive once more.
- 3 How many souls have launch'd away  
To everlasting night or day!

In sickness many more remain,  
Whilst we our life and health retain.

- 4 Into his presence let us haste,  
And thank him for his favors past ;  
Down on your knees devoutly all,  
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

288

C. M.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart :  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us, to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow ;  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride ;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

## 289

## C. M.

- 1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find,  
Which to salvation led,  
I listen'd long, with anxious mind,  
To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,  
I fear'd that I was wrong;  
For I was stupid, dead and cold,  
Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,  
And made my burden light;  
Then for a moment I believ'd,  
Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,  
Of anguish and dismay,  
Through what distresses they had walk'd  
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,  
For I had liv'd at ease;  
I wish'd for all my fears again,  
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd  
The evils of my heart;  
And left my naked soul expos'd  
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"  
I cried in deep despair;  
How could I dream of drawing hope  
From what I cannot bear!
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid.  
And when he set me free,

"Trust simply on my word," he said,  
"And leave the rest to me."

290

P. M. 7s. &amp; 6s.

- 1 **C**OME, my friend, and let us try,  
For a little season,  
Every burden to lay by;  
Come and let us reason.
- 2 What is this that casts you down,  
What is this that grieves you?  
Speak, and let the worst be known,  
Speaking may relieve you.
- 3 Christ at times by faith I view,  
And it doth relieve me;  
But my doubts return anew,  
They are those that grieve me.
- 4 Troubled like the restless sea,  
Feeble, faint and fearful,  
Plagu'd with every sore disease,  
How can I be cheerful?
- 5 Think on what your Saviour bore  
In the gloomy garden;  
Sweating blood at every pore,  
To procure thy pardon.
- 6 View him nailed to the tree,  
Bleeding, groaning, dying;  
See he suffer'd this for thee,  
Therefore be believing.
- 7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?  
Sisters, don't you love him?  
Let us join to praise his name,  
Let us never grieve him.

- 8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,  
 Soon we'll meet in heaven;  
 There we'll join the saints above,  
 And forever praise him.

291

S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;  
 Whose kind designs to serve and please  
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house  
 Where zeal and friendship meet,  
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills  
 The saints are blest above,  
 Where joy like morning dew distils,  
 And all the air is love.

292

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,  
 Let us in thy name agree;  
 Show thyself the Prince of Peace:  
 Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,  
 Every stumbling block remove;  
 Each to each unite, endear;  
 Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
 Courteous, pitiful and kind;  
 Lowly, meek, in thought, and word.  
 Altogether like our Lord.



- 4 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear:  
To thy church the pattern give;  
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above;  
On the wings of angels fly;  
Show how true believers die.

## 293

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us use the grace divine,  
And all with one accord,  
In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,  
His name to glorify;  
And promise in this sacred hour  
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make,  
Be ever kept in mind;  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,  
Who hears our solemn vow;  
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,  
Come down, and meet us now!
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Let all our hearts receive;

Present with the celestial host,  
The peaceful answer give.

- 6 To each the covenant blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away ;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day.

## 294

S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we look to thee,  
Thy promis'd presence claim ;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in thy name :  
Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove ;  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.
- 2 Not in the name of pride,  
Or selfishness we meet ;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget :  
We meet the grace to take,  
Which thou hast freely given ;  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.
- 3 Present we know thou art ;  
But, O, thyself reveal !  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
The mighty comfort feel !  
O may thy quick'ning voice  
The death of sin remove ;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,  
In hope of perfect love !

## THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

—

295

S. M.

*First Part.*

- 1 **H**ARK, how the watchmen cry !  
Attend the trumpet's sound ;  
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh ;  
The powers of hell surround.
- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare ;  
The day of battle is at hand !  
Go forth to glorious war !
- 3 See, on the mountain top,  
The standard of your God !  
In Jesus' name I lift it up,  
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 4 His standard bearer, I  
To all the nations call :  
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh ;  
He bore the cross for all.
- 5 Go up with Christ, your Head,  
Your Captain's footsteps see ;  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.
- 6 All power to him is given :  
He ever reigns the same :  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,  
Are all in Jesus' name.
- 7 Only have faith in God ;  
In faith your foes assail :

Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
But all the powers of hell.

- 8 From thrones of glory driven,  
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,  
They throng the air, and darken heaven,  
And rule this lower world.

## 296

S. M.

*Second Part.*

- 1 **A**NGELS your march oppose,  
Who still in strength excel,  
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,  
Countless, invisible.
- 2 With rage that never ends,  
Their hellish arts they try :  
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,  
And spirits enthron'd on high.
- 3 On earth th' usurpers reign,  
Exert their baneful power ;  
O'er the poor fallen sons of men  
They tyrannize their hour.
- 4 But shall believers fear ?  
And shall believers fly ?  
Or see the bloody cross appear,  
And all their powers defy ?
- 5 Jesus' tremendous name  
Puts all our foes to flight !  
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,  
A Lion is in fight.
- 6 By all hell's host withstood,  
We all hell's host o'erthrow ;

And conqu'ring them through Jesus' blood,  
We on to conquer go.

7 Our Captain leads us on ;  
He beckons from the skies,  
And reaches out a starry crown,  
And bids us take the prize.

8 "Be faithful unto death ;  
Partake my victory,  
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
And thou shalt reign with me."

297

C. M.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name !
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flow'r'y beds of ease !  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas.
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord !  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die ;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
With faith's discerning eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

## 298

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, be on thy guard,  
 Ten thousand foes arise;  
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
 Nor once at ease sit down;  
 Thy arduous work will not be done,  
 Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
 Up to his blest abode.

## 299

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord indeed;  
 Who are from sin and bondage freed;  
 Submit to all the ways of God,  
 And walk the narrow, happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,  
 But soon shall walk the golden street.  
 Though hell may rage and vent its spite,  
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

- 3 Behold the righteous marching home,  
And all the angels bid them come,  
While Christ, the Judge, these words pro-  
claims,  
“Here come my saints, I own their names:
- 4 “Ye everlasting gates fly wide ;  
Make ready to receive my bride ;  
Ye harps of heaven now sound aloud,  
Here comes the purchase of my blood.”
- 5 In grandeur see the royal line,  
In glitt’ring robes the sun outshine,  
See saints and angels join in one,  
And march in splendour to the throne.
- 6 They stand and wonder and look on ;  
They join in one eternal song,  
Their great Redeemer to admire,  
While raptures set their souls on fire.

## 300

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly ;  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past :  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last !
- 3 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone—  
Still support and comfort me !

- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou of life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee :  
 Spring thou up within my heart—  
 Rise to all eternity !

**301**

4 8s. &amp; 2 6s.

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,  
 My comrades through this wilderness,  
 Who still your bodies feel :  
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond this vale of tears,  
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
 The saints' secure abode ;  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 And force your passage to the skies,  
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 We suffer with our Master here,  
 But shall before his face appear,  
 And by his side sit down ;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure ;  
 And all that to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope !  
 It lifts the fainting spirits up ;  
 It brings to life the dead :  
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,



And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

- 5 That great mysterious Deity,  
We soon with open face shall see,  
The beatific sight;  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father, shining on his throne,  
The glorious co-eternal Son,  
The Spirit, One and seven,  
Conspire our rapture to complete;  
And lo! we fall before his feet,  
And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
And at thy footstool fall;  
Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,  
And God be all in all.

**302**

P. M. 7s. & 6s.

- 1 **O**H, when shall I see Jesus,  
And dwell with him above,  
To drink the flowing fountains  
Of everlasting love?  
When shall I be deliver'd  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;

He's given me my orders,  
And tells me not to fear.  
And if I hold out faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd,  
To conquer though I die;  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly,  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid them all adieu;  
And you my friends prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet wlt h troubles  
And trials on the way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.  
Gird on your heavenly armour  
Of faith, and hope, and love.  
And when your race is ended,  
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,  
For Jesus is your friend,  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend,  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though often you request,  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.

## 303

## C. M.

- 1 **Y**E weary, heavy laden souls,  
Who are oppressed sore,  
Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,  
To Canaan's peaceful shore;  
'Tho' chilling winds and beating rains,  
The waters deep and cold,  
And enemies surrounding you—  
Take courage and be bold.
- 2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,  
The desert all around,  
And fiery serpents oft appear,  
Through the enchanted ground;  
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,  
And dragons often roar,  
But while the gospel trump we hear,  
We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,  
Who mourns her absent mate,  
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,  
Her sorrows to relate.  
But Canaan's land is just before,  
Sweet spring is coming on;  
A few more beating winds and rains,  
And winter will be gone.
- 4 Sometimes, like mountains to the sky,  
Black Jordan's billows roar;  
Which often makes the pilgrims fear,  
'They never will get o'er;  
But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,  
And view the vernal plain;

To fright our souls may Jordan roar,  
And hell may rage in vain.

- 5 O what a glorious sight appears  
To my believing eyes!  
Methinks I see Jerusalem,  
A city in the skies;  
Bright angels whisper me away—  
O come! my brother, come!  
And I am willing to be gone  
To my eternal home.

## 304

## P. M.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of the cross, arise!  
Lo, your Leader from the skies  
Waves before you glory's prize,  
The prize of victory.  
Seize your armour—gird it on,  
The battle's yours, it will be won;  
Tho' fierce the strife 'twill soon be done;  
Then struggle manfully.
- 2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,  
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;  
Now he leads you on, to swell  
The triumphs of his cross.  
Though all earth and hell appear,  
Who will doubt or who can fear?  
"God our strength and shield" is near;  
We cannot lose our cause.
- 3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
Jesus points the victor's rod,  
Follow where your Leader trod;  
You soon shall see his face.

Soon your enemies all slain,  
'The crown of glory you shall gain ;  
And walk among that glorious train,  
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

**305**

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
'Till the dark cloud is over blown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform,  
He sends his angels from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God !  
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;  
'Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
Let land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to thy name ;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky,  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God !  
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;  
'Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

**306**

S. M.

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight ;

- My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought ;  
My whole of sin remove ;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought ;  
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee !  
And let my knowing zeal be join'd  
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and temper'd zeal  
Let me enforce thy call ;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.
- 5 O may I love like thee !  
In all thy footsteps tread !  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing thou hast made.
- 6 O may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove !  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

**307***6 lines 8s.*

- 1 **S**URROUNDED by a host of foes,  
Storm'd by a host of foes within ;  
Nor swift to flee, nor strong t' oppose,  
Single against hell, earth, and sin ;  
Single, yet undismay'd, I am ;  
I dare believe in Jesus' name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts engage,  
A thousand worlds my soul to shake ;

I have a shield shall quell their rage,  
 And drive the alien armies back ;  
 Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb,  
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,  
 Me from this evil world to free,  
 To purge my sins, and loose my bands,  
 And save from all iniquity,  
 My Lord and God, from heaven he came,  
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.

4 Salvation in his name there is,  
 Salvation from sin, death, and hell ;  
 Salvation into glorious bliss ;  
 How great salvation who can tell ?  
 But all he hath for mine I claim,  
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.

308

S. M.

*First Part.*

1 **J**ESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,  
 In glorious strength array'd :  
 His kingdom over all maintains,  
 And bids the earth be glad ;  
 Ye sons of men, rejoice  
 In Jesus' mighty love :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
 To him that rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power,  
 Kiss the exalted Son,  
 Who died, and lives to die no more,  
 High on his Father's throne :  
 Our advocate with God,  
 He undertakes our cause,

And spreads through all the earth abroad,  
The vict'ry of his cross.

- 3 That bloody banner see,  
And in your Captain's sight,  
Fight the good fight of faith with me,  
My fellow soldiers, fight:  
In mighty phalanx join'd,  
To battle all proceed;  
Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind,  
Which was in Christ your Head.

309

S. M.

*Second Part.*

- 1 **U**RGE on your rapid course,  
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;  
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;  
'Tis seiz'd by violent hands:  
See there the starry crown  
That glitters through the skies!  
Satan, the world, the sin, tread down,  
And take the glorious prize!
- 2 Through much distress and pain,  
Through many a conflict here,  
Through blood ye must the entrance gain,  
Yet, O disdain to fear:  
"Courage," your Captain cries,  
(Who all your toil foreknew,)  
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,  
I have o'ercome for you."
- 3 The world cannot withstand  
Its ancient conqueror:  
The world must sink beneath the hand  
Which arms us for the war:



This is the victory.  
 Before our faith they fall,  
 Jesus hath died for you and me;  
 Believe and conquer all!

**310**                      8 lines 7s. & 6s.

- 1 **G**OD is my strong salvation,  
 What foe have I to fear?  
 In darkness and temptation  
 My light, my help is near:  
 Though hosts encamp around me,  
 Firm to the fight I stand;  
 What terror can confound me,  
 With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance:  
 My soul, with courage wait;  
 His truth be thine affiance,  
 When faint and desolate;  
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
 His love thy joy increase;  
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen,  
 The Lord will give thee peace.

**311**                      S. M.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
 And put your armour on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through his eternal Son;  
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
 And in his mighty power,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,  
 With all his strength endu'd;

But take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God :  
 That having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
 And stand entire at last.

3 Stand, then, against your foes,  
 In close and firm array ;  
 Legions of wily fiends oppose  
 Throughout the evil day :  
 But meet the sons of night,  
 And mock their vain design,  
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,  
 Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,  
 No weakness of the soul ;  
 Take every virtue, every grace,  
 And fortify the whole :  
 Indissolubly join'd,  
 To battle all proceed ;  
 But arm yourselves with all the mind  
 That was in Christ your Head.

312

8 lines 7s.

1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;  
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
 One that loves us to the end :  
 Forward, then, with courage go,  
 Long we shall not dwell below ;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 "Child," your Father calls, "Come home !"

- 2 In the way a thousand snares,  
Lie to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded heart:  
But from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon in glory be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child," your Father calls, "Come home!"
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
Nor betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within:  
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ shall also conquer these:  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child," your Father calls, "Come home!"

## 313

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET Zion in her King rejoice,  
Though tyrants rage, & kingdoms rise;  
He utters his almighty voice—  
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,  
And Jacob's God is still our aid:  
Behold the works his hand hath wrought;  
What desolations he has made!
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,  
He makes the noise of battle cease;  
When from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;  
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;

Keep silence, all the earth, and hear  
The sound and glory of his name.

## 314

C. M.

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore ;  
Now is thine arm reveal'd ;  
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,  
Our bulwark and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,  
And find a sure defence ;  
His holy name our lips invoke,  
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,  
What mortal heart can bear  
The thunder of his loud alarms,  
The lightning of his spear ?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,  
And angels, in array,  
In millions wait to know his mind,  
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks—and at his fierce rebuke  
Whole armies are dismay'd ;  
His voice, his frown, his angry look,  
Strikes all their courage dead.

## 315

C. M.

- 1 **F**OREVER blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my Shield ;  
He sends his Spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care ;

Instructs me to the heavenly fight,  
And guards me through the war.

- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine,  
Doth my weak courage raise :  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.
- 

## TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

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316

S. M.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound !  
Harmonious to the ear !  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way  
To save rebellious man :  
And all the steps *that* grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow :  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,  
'Through everlasting days ;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

317

P. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail,  
And dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite :  
Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,  
The promise assures us,  
The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds, without barn  
Or storehouse, are fed,  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our bread ;  
His saints what is fitting  
Shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written,  
The Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships,  
By tempests be tost  
On perilous deeps,  
But need not be lost ;  
Though Satan enrages  
The wind and the tide,  
Yet scripture engages,  
The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey,  
Like Abram of old :  
We know not the way,  
But faith makes us bold ;

For though we are strangers,  
We have a sure guide,  
And trust in all dangers,  
The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears  
To stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears,  
We triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us  
(Though oft he has tried)  
The heart-cheering promise,  
The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak,  
Our hope is in vain,  
The good that we seek  
We ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions  
Our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions,  
The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,  
Nor goodness we claim:  
Our trust is all thrown  
On Jesus's name;  
In this our strong tower  
For safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power,  
The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,  
And death is in view,  
The word of his grace  
Shall comfort us through:

Not fearing or doubting,  
 With Christ on our side,  
 We hope to die shouting,  
 The Lord will provide.

**318***6 lines 8s.*

- 1 **T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,  
 Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am if thou art mine :  
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
 And keeps my happy soul above :  
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
 And joy, and everlasting love :  
 To me, with thy great name are given,  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
 The med'cine of my broken heart ;  
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;  
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
 In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply,  
 In weakness, my almighty power ;  
 In bonds, my perfect liberty,  
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;  
 In grief, my joy unspeakable,  
 My life in death, my all in all.

**319***4 lines 7s.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As we journey let us sing ;



- Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad,  
Christ our Advocate is made ;  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land ;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord ! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee !

## 320

## C. M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

**321**

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET thoughtless thousands choose the  
road,  
That leads the soul away from God :  
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,  
To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,  
From him, my life, my all receive ;  
To him devote my fleeting hours,  
Serve him alone with all my powers.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,  
To him I look, on him I call ;  
He will my every want supply,  
In time and through eternity.

**322**

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall ;  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 323

*6 lines 8s.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

324

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAY, my unbelieving fear!  
Fear shall in me no more have place;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face.
- 2 But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,  
I never will give up my shield.
- 3 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil,  
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,  
The fields elude the tiller's toil.
- 4 The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race,  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
The God of my salvation praise.
- 5 Barren although my soul remain,  
And not one bud of grace appear,  
No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
But sin, and only sin is here.
- 6 Although my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see;  
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he died for me.

- 7 In hope believing against hope,  
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,  
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,  
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
- 8 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,  
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;  
On wings of love mount up on high,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

325

L. M.

- 1 **P**EACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not  
Thy great Provider still is near; [fear!  
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,  
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,  
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;  
His promise all may freely claim,  
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."
- 3 His stores are open all, and free  
To such as truly upright be;  
Water and bread he'll give for food,  
With all things else which he sees good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,  
By God himself are number'd all:  
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,  
That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,  
And sends them food as they have need;  
Although they nothing have in store,  
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,  
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,

Your heavenly father will you feed,  
He knows that all these things you need.

7 Without reserve give Christ your heart;  
Let him his righteousness impart;  
Then all things else he'll freely give;  
With him you all things shall receive.

8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
That seeks in God his only rest;  
May I that happy person be,  
In time and in eternity.

326

P. M. 6. 5. 8. 5. 6. 8.

1 **O** THOU, in whose presence  
My soul takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call:

My comfort by day,  
And my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide  
Resort with thy sheep,  
To feed on thy pastures of love?  
Say, why in the valley  
Of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O! why should I wander  
An alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice,  
When my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,  
Declare have you seen

The star that on Israel shone ?

Say, if in your tents

My Beloved has been,

And where with his flock he is gone ?

5 This is my Beloved,

His form is divine,

His vestments shed odours around ;

The locks on his head

Are as grapes on the vine,

When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of Sharon,

The lilies that grow

In the vales, on the banks of the streams,

On his cheek in the beauty

Of excellence blow,

And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice, as the sound

Of the dulcimer sweet,

Is heard through the shadow of death ;

The cedars of Lebanon

Bow at his feet,

The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain

Of righteousness flow,

That waters the garden of grace,

From which their salvation

The Gentile shall know,

And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits in his eye-lids,

And scatters delight

Thro' all the bright mansions on high :

Their faces the cherubim

Veil in his sight  
And tremble with fulness of joy.

- 10 He looks and ten thousand  
Of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks, and eternity,  
Fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

327

P. M.

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu !  
With all of creature good,  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood ;  
All thy pleasures I forego,  
I trample on thy wealth and pride,  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity :  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me !  
Me to save from endless woe  
The sin-atonement Victim died !  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Here will I set up my rest ;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall nevermore depart :  
Whither should a sinner go ?  
His wounds for me stand open wide ;



Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

- 4 Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end ;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend ;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide,  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 5 O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove :  
Show the length, the breadth, the height,  
And depth of Jesus' love !  
Fain I would to sinners show  
The blood by faith alone applied !  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

## 328

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;  
He whom I fix my hopes upon :  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment ;  
The king's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not sav'd from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found,  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God !"

## 329

## S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied ;  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows ;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes  
Thou dost my table spread,

My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my foll'wing days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

330

C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

331

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,  
My hope in thee my God;

- Rise, and my helpless life defend  
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they  
My soul in pieces tear;  
As hungry lions rend the prey,  
When no deliv'rer's near.
- 3 If I have e'er provok'd them first,  
Or once abus'd my foe;  
Then let him tread my life to dust,  
And lay my honor low.
- 4 If there were malice hid in me,  
(I know thy piercing eyes,)  
I should not dare appeal to thee,  
Nor ask my God to rise.
- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,  
Their pride and power control;  
Awake to judgment, and command  
Deliv'rance for my soul.

## 332

## C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my  
Thy wonders I'll proclaim; [song;  
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,  
Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;  
My God prepares his throne  
To judge the world in righteousness,  
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then will the Lord a refuge prove  
For all who are oppress'd;  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.

- 4 The men that know thy name will trust  
 In thine abundant grace ;  
 For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,  
 Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord  
 Who dwells on Zion's hill ;  
 Who executes his threat'ning word,  
 And doth his grace fulfil.

333

C. M.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say—  
 “Ye children, seek my grace,”  
 My heart replied without delay,  
 “I'll seek my father's face.”
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away ;  
 God of my life, I fly to thee  
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,  
 Leave me to want or die,  
 My God would make my life his care,  
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
 Had not my soul believ'd  
 To see thy grace provide relief ;  
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
 And keep your courage up ;  
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
 And far exceed your hope.

334

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD, my Supporter, and my Hope ;  
 My help forever near ;

- Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness ;  
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me ;  
And while this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint ?  
God is my soul's eternal Rock,  
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners who remove  
Far from thy presence—die ;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

## 335

## C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Still may we dwell secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come :  
Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home !

## 336

## C. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,  
Expos'd to every snare,  
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,  
And try and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;  
Or, if the plague come nigh,  
And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
Your feet in all their ways ;

To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall  
And dash against the stones;  
Are they not servants at his call,  
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;  
The tempter's wiles defeat;  
He that hath broke the serpent's head,  
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,  
I'll save them," saith the Lord;  
"I'll bear their joyful souls above  
Destruction and the sword."

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;  
In trouble I'll be nigh;  
My power shall help them when they fall,  
And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known,  
I'll honor them in heaven;  
There my salvation shall be shown,  
And endless life be given."

337

S. M.

1 **O** THOU, my life, my joy,  
My glory and my all—  
Unsent by thee, no good can come,  
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy wondrous works,  
And methods of thy grace,  
That I may safely trust in thee,  
Through all this wilderness.



3 'Tis thine all-powerful arm  
Upholds me in the way ;  
And thy rich bounty well supplies  
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, Lord,  
'Ten thousand thanks are due ;  
For such compassions, I esteem  
Ten thousand thanks too few.

## 338

L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL beam of light divine,  
Fountain of unexhausted love ;  
In whom the Father's glories shine,  
Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,  
Give me thy easy yoke to bear :  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,  
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill ;  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !  
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone ;  
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace ;"  
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"  
Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O death ! where is thy sting ? Where now  
Thy boasted victory, O grave ?

Who shall contend with God? or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

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## RELIGIOUS FORMALITY.

339

S. M.

- 1 **R**ELIGION'S form is vain,  
While we deny its power :  
What will the hypocrite obtain  
In death's tremendous hour ?
- 2 Now he may credit gain,  
And in his affluence roll ;  
But all his profit will be pain,  
When God shall take his soul.
- 3 Then, O, what dread surprise,  
What horror and dismay,  
When death shall open wide his eyes,  
And tear his mask away !
- 4 Lord, search and know my heart,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
And bid hypocrisy depart,  
And keep my conscience clear !

340

C. M.

- 1 **L**ONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,  
With unavailing pain :  
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,  
And heard it preach'd in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,  
And near thy altar drew,

- A form of godliness was mine,  
 'The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,  
 Nor knew its deep design :  
 The length and breadth I never saw,  
 And height of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus, at length I see,  
 Vainly I hop'd and strove ;  
 For what are outward things to thee,  
 Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires  
 Truth in the inward parts ;  
 Our full consent, our whole desires,  
 Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,  
 Of means an idol made :  
 The spirit in the letter lost,  
 The substance in the shade.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?  
 What can my weakness do ?  
 Jesus, to thee my soul looks up :  
 'Tis thou must make it new,

341

S. M.

*First Part.*

- 1 **M**Y gracious, loving Lord,  
 'To thee what shall I say ?  
 Well may I tremble at thy word,  
 And scarce presume to pray !
- 2 Ten thousand wants have I ;  
 Alas ! I all things want !

- But thou hast bid me always cry,  
And never, never faint.
- 3 Yet Lord, well might I fear,  
Fear e'en to ask thy grace :  
So oft have I, alas ! drawn near,  
And mock'd thee to thy face.
- 4 With all pollutions stain'd,  
'Thy hallow'd courts I trod ;  
Thy name and temple I profan'd,  
And dar'd to call thee God.
- 5 Nigh with my lips I drew ;  
My lips were all unclean :  
Thee with my heart I never knew :  
My heart was full of sin.
- 6 Far from the living Lord,  
As far as hell from heaven ;  
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,  
Nor look'd to be forgiven.
- 7 My nature I obey'd ;  
My own desires pursu'd :  
And still a den of thieves I made  
The hallow'd house of God.
- 8 The worship he approves,  
To him I would not pay ;  
My selfish ends, and creature loves,  
Had stole my heart away.
- 9 My sin and nakedness  
I studied to disguise ;  
Spoke to my soul a flatt'ring peace,  
And put out mine own eyes.
- 10 In fig-leaves I appear'd ;  
Nor with my form would part ;

But still retain'd a conscience scar'd,  
A hard, deceitful heart.

342

S. M.

*Second Part.*

- 1 **A** GODLY, formal saint  
I long appear'd in sight;  
By self and Satan taught to paint  
My tomb, my nature, white.
- 2 The Pharisee within  
Still undisturb'd remain'd;  
The strong man, arm'd with guilt of sin,  
Safe in his palace reign'd.
- 3 But Oh! the jealous God  
In my behalf came down;  
Jesus himself the stronger show'd,  
And claim'd me for his own.
- 4 My spirit he alarm'd,  
And brought into distress;  
He shook and bound the strong man, arm'd  
In his self-righteousness.
- 5 Faded my virtuous show,  
My form without the power;  
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,  
And blasted every flower:
- 6 My mouth was stopt, and shame  
Cover'd my guilty face;  
I fell on the atoning Lamb,  
And I was sav'd by grace.

343

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind;

In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, & try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

## 344

L. M.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in heaven and hell ;  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,  
To feed the hungry—clothe the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;—
- 4 If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

## SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

315

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas, what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me;  
To whom, or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,  
Thou art the CHRIST of God;  
Who hast eternal life secur'd,  
By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart;  
No love but thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.
- 6 What anguish has this question stirr'd,  
"If I will also go?"  
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer—No!

316

C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
His praises tun'd my tongue ;  
And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm ;  
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke  
Of what his love had done ;  
But now my heart is almost broke,  
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now an empty noise,  
For Jesus hides his face ;  
I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey ;  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail—  
O come without delay !



317

S. M.

- 1 **H**OW can I vent my grief?  
My Comforter is fled;  
By day I sigh without relieve,  
And groan upon my bed.
- 2 I once enjoy'd my Lord,  
Liv'd happy in his love:  
Delighted in his holy word,  
And sought my rest above.
- 3 But, O! alas, my soul,  
Where is my comfort now?  
Why did I let my love grow cold?  
Ah! why to idols bow?
- 4 How little did I think,  
When first I did begin,  
To join a little with the world,  
It was so great a sin.
- 5 I thought I might conform,  
Nor singular appear,  
Converse and dress as others did,  
But now I feel the snare.
- 6 My confidence is gone;  
I find no words to say;  
Barren and lifeless is my soul,  
When I attempt to pray.
- 7 I feel asham'd to bow,  
When with the saints I meet;  
While on their knees my brethren cry,  
I stand or keep my seat.
- 8 My soul, this will not do,  
Thy day is almost past;

I must repent and turn to God,  
Or sink to hell at last.

9 Trembling to Christ I'll fly,  
And all my sins confess;  
At Jesus' cross I humbly fall,  
And ask restoring grace.

10 I'll mortify my pride;  
Myself I will deny;  
And if I perish, Lord, at last,  
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

**348***8 lines 8s.*

1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain,  
Recover his forfeited peace?  
When brought into bondage again,  
What hope of a second release?  
Will mercy itself be so kind  
To spare such a rebel as me?  
And O, can I possibly find  
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,  
If still thou art able to save,  
The brand to pluck out of the fire,  
And ransom my soul from the grave;  
The help of thy Spirit restore,  
And show me the life-giving blood;  
And pardon a sinner once more,  
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
Come quickly to help a lost soul,  
To comfort a mourner appear,  
And make a poor Lazarus whole;

The balm of thy mercy apply,  
 'Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;  
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,  
 O save, or I sink into hell!

- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay  
 Thy pardoning mercy to show:  
 Come quickly, and kindly display  
 The power of thy passion below:  
 By all thou hast done for my sake,  
 One drop of thy blood I implore;  
 Now, now let it touch me, and make  
 'The sinner a sinner no more.

349

S. M.

- 1 **Y**E, who in former days  
 Were found at Zion's gate;  
 Who walk'd awhile in wisdom's ways,  
 And told your happy state;  
 2 But now to sin draw back,  
 And love again to stray,  
 The narrow path of life forsake,  
 And choose the beaten way;  
 3 Think not your names above  
 Are written with the saints;  
 The promise of eternal love  
 Is his who never faints.  
 4 Your transient joy and peace,  
 Your deeper doom have seal'd,  
 Unless you wake to righteousness,  
 Ere judgment is reveal'd.

350

P. M.

- 1 **A**H! but where am I now?  
 And why was it and how,

That I fell from my heaven of grace !  
I am brought into thrall ;  
I am stript of my all ;  
I am banish'd from Jesus's face !

2 Hardly yet do I know,  
How I let my Lord go ;  
So insensibly started aside :  
But whate'er was the cause,  
I lament the sad loss,  
For the veil is come over my heart.

3 Now, no tongue can declare,  
The keen torment I bear,  
While no end of my troubles I see,  
Only Adam could tell,  
On the day that he fell,  
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

4 Driven out from my God,  
I now wander abroad ;  
Through a desert of sorrow I rove ;  
And how great is my pain,  
That I cannot regain  
My lost Eden of Jesus's love !

5 Ah ! shall I ever rise  
To my first paradise ?  
Ever come my Redeemer to see ?  
Yes I feel a faint hope,  
That at last he will stoop,  
And his pity shall bring him to me.

351

6 lines 8s.

1 **W**EARY of wand'ring from my God,  
And now made willing to return,

I hear and bow me to the rod :

For thee, not without hope, I mourn ;  
I have an advocate above,  
A friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin ;  
Yet once again I seek thy face,  
Open thine arms and take me in !  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

- 3 'Thou know'st the way to bring me back  
My fallen spirit to restore ;  
O ! for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive and bid me sin no more :  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of pray'r.

- 4 The stone to flesh again convert ;  
The veil of sin again remove :  
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,  
And melt it by thy dying love !  
This rebel heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.

- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relentings now ;  
Fill my whole soul with filial fears ;  
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow :  
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break  
The iron sinew in my neck.

- 6 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at th' approach of sin :  
A godly fear of sin impart ;  
Implant and root it deep within,

That I may dread thy gracious power,  
And never dare t' offend thee more.

## 352

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 353

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserv'd for me?

- Can my God his wrath forbear?  
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
 Long provok'd him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls:  
 Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,  
 Me he now delights to spare!  
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up!"  
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands;  
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!  
 God is love! I know, I feel;  
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above,  
 Is not all thy nature love?  
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?  
 Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 6 Now incline me to repent!  
 Let me now my fall lament!  
 Now my foul revolt deplore!  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

354 P. M. 7s. 6s. & 1 8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye  
 Call back a wand'ring sheep;  
 False to thee, like Peter, I  
 Would fain like Peter weep.  
 Let me be by grace restor'd:  
 On me be all long suff'ring shown;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me through thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart :  
Give what I have long implor'd,  
A portion of thy grief unknown :  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake  
The gracious wonder show ;  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow ;  
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,  
If I now myself bemoan,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die !  
Life, and happiness, and love,  
Drop from thy gracious eye :  
Speak the reconciling word,  
And let thy mercy melt me down ;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd  
The first apostate man ;  
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,  
And bade him rise again :  
Speak my paradise restor'd,  
Redeem me by thy grace alone :  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.



- 6 Look, as when thy languid eye  
 Was clos'd that we might live ;  
 "Father," (at the point to die  
 My Saviour gasp'd,) "forgive."  
 Surely with that dying word,  
 He turns, and looks, & cries, "'Tis done!"  
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
 'Thou break'st my heart of stone.

355

C. M.

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,  
 My God, my chief delight ?  
 Why are my thoughts no more by day  
 With thee—no more by night ?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?  
 Where can such sweetness be  
 As I have tasted in thy love,  
 As I have found in thee ?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews  
 The savour of thy grace,  
 My heart presumes I cannot lose  
 The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,  
 The flattering world employs  
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
 And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature, or of art,  
 With fair deceitful charms,  
 Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
 And thrust me from thy arms.
- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul  
 That I should leave thee so ;

- Where will those wild affections roll  
That let a Saviour go ?
- 7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,  
And I am drown'd in grief;  
But my dear Lord returns again,  
He flies to my relief.
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,  
He draws with loving bands;  
Divine compassion in his eyes,  
And pardon in his hands.
- 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,  
In chase of false delight !  
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight.
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
My God, my Saviour's breast.
- 

## PASTORAL.

356

L. M.

- 1 **O**N all the earth thy Spirit shower,  
The earth in righteousness renew :  
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,  
And to thy scepter all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,  
Let it opposers all o'erturn ;  
And every law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.

- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place  
His richest energy declare;  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God and true!  
'The ancient seers thou didst inspire;  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend and crown us now with fire!

357

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold!  
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,  
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,  
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now and scatter'd wide,  
In pain, and weariness, and want:  
With no kind shepherd near, to guide  
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,  
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;  
Collect thy flock, and give them food,  
And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of general grace,  
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;  
Preachers who all the sinful race,  
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouth, and utterance give,  
Give them a trumpet voice to call  
A world, who all may turn and live,  
'Through faith in Him who died for all.
- 6 In every messenger reveal  
'The grace they preach divinely free;

- That each may by thy Spirit tell,  
 "He died for all, who died for me."
- 7 A double portion from above,  
 Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart;  
 Shed forth thy universal love  
 In every faithful pastor's heart.
- 8 Thine only glory let them seek,  
 O let their hearts with love o'erflow!  
 Let them believe, and therefore speak,  
 And spread thy mercy's praise below.

358

L. M.

- 1 **D**RAW near, O Son of God, draw near!  
 Us with thy flaming eye behold;  
 Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,  
 And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,  
 And let them in thy lustre glow,  
 The lights of a benighted land,  
 The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,  
 Their high commission let them prove,  
 Be temples of the Holy Ghost,  
 And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,  
 Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;  
 Fix their affections all above,  
 And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;  
 Thou speakest to the churches now:  
 And let all tongues confess their Lord,  
 Let every knee to Jesus bow.

359

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord  
Thy blessing we implore ;  
Open the door to preach thy word,  
The great, effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in and save  
From sin and Satan's power ;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls ! thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear :  
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,  
With all thy wounds appear !
- 4 Appear as when of old confest,  
The suffering Son of God :  
And let them see thee in thy vest,  
But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The hardness from their hearts remove,  
Thou who for all hast died :  
Show them the tokens of thy love,  
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree  
To trample down their sin ;  
Thy hands stretch'd out they all may see,  
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,  
Where all may freely go,  
And drink the living streams of bliss,  
And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,  
And prove the record true :

And all thy wounds to sinners cry,  
 "I suffer'd this for you !"

360

S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear  
 Thy needy servants' cry;  
 Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,  
 And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,  
 Our wants are in thy view;  
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
 The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more  
 Into thy church abroad,  
 And let them speak thy word of power,  
 As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel-word,  
 The word of general grace;  
 Then let them preach the common Lord,  
 Saviour of human race.
- 5 O let them spread thy name,  
 Their mission fully prove:  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 'Thine all-redeeming love !

361

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my strength and righteousness,  
 My Saviour and my King,  
 Triumphant thy name I bless,  
 Thy conqu'ring name I sing.
- 2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,  
 Thou hast maintain'd thy cause,

- And I enjoy the glorious shame,  
The scandal of thy cross.
- 3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,  
In the appointed hour :  
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,  
And felt thy Spirit's power.
- 4 Superior to my foes I stood,  
Above their smile or frown :  
On all the strangers to thy blood  
With pitying love look down.
- 5 O let me have thy presence still,  
Set as a flint my face,  
To show the counsel of thy will,  
Which saves a world by grace ?
- 6 O never let me blush to own  
The glorious gospel-word ;  
Which saves a world through faith alone,  
Faith in a dying Lord !

## 362

## C. M.

- 1 **N**OW Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,  
Be it thy servant's care,  
Thy heavenly blessings to bring down,  
By humble, fervent pray'r.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,  
And water too in vain ;  
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,  
Send down thy heavenly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues  
Begin this song divine—  
"Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase,  
And be the glory thine !"

363

P. M. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 **M**EN of God, go take your stations :  
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth,  
 Go proclaim among the nations,  
 Joyful news of heavenly birth :  
 Bear the tidings  
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,  
 As "the power of God to save,"  
 Go where Christ was never named ;  
 Publish freedom to the slave !  
 Blessed freedom !  
 Such as Zion's children have.
- 3 What though earth and hell united,  
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan ?  
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted :  
 Fear ye not the face of man :  
 Vain their tumult ;  
 Hurt his work they never can.
- 4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,  
 Jesus will his own defend,  
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,  
 Jesus will appear your friend :  
 And his presence  
 Shall be with you to the end.

364

L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
 Smile on our homage and our vows ;  
 While with a grateful heart we share  
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 'The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,



- Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honor'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
In lowlier form to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their vari'd gifts derive,  
And fed by Christ their graces live;  
While guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Through the last courses of the sun;  
While unborn churches by their care  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow;  
Pastors and people shout his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

365

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,  
It was a weeping day:  
But Jesus made them all amends,  
And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 In heaven they meet again with joy,  
Secure no more to part;  
Where praises every tongue employ,  
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace  
Their children soon shall meet;  
Together see their Saviour's face,  
And worship at his feet.

- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,  
Though oft and plainly warn'd,  
Will tremble when they meet again  
The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,  
If any perish here;  
The preachers who have told you all,  
Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,  
Is not their utmost view;  
O hear their pray'r, thy message own,  
And save their hearers too.

## 366

L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS spake the Saviour, when he sent  
His ministers to preach his word;  
They through the world obedient went,  
And spread the gospel of their Lord.
- 2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name;  
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;  
The gospel jubilee proclaim,  
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 "The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies;  
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,  
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.
- 4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove;  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show,  
That you're commission'd from above.
- 5 "Freely from me ye have receiv'd;  
Freely in love to others give;

Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,  
And by your labor sinners live."

- 6 Happy those servants of the Lord,  
Who thus their Master's will obey!  
How rich, how full is their reward,  
Reserv'd until the final day!

367

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from affliction, toil, and care,  
The happy soul is fled;  
The breathless clay shall slumber here,  
Among the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,  
E'en to his latest breath;  
The truth he had proclaim'd so long  
Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he rides where Jesus is,  
Above this dusky sphere;  
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,  
While yet he sojourn'd here.
- 4 The Churches' loss we all deplore,  
And shed the falling tear;  
Since we shall see his face no more,  
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb;  
Oh, may we ready stand;  
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,  
To dwell at thy right hand.

368

S. M.

- 1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done;  
Rest from thy lov'd employ:

- The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."
- 2 The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,  
He fell—but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,  
It found him on the field,  
A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease:  
And life's long warfare clos'd at last,  
His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done;  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

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## BAPTISM.

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369

L. M.

- 1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,  
Go teach the nations and baptize:  
The nations have receiv'd the word,  
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,  
With grace and pardon in his hands,  
And sends his cov'nant with his seals,  
To bless the distant heathen lands.

- 3 Repent and be baptiz'd, he saith,  
For the remission of your sins;  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shows us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
As water makes the body clean;  
And the good Spirit of our God,  
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;  
O may the great eternal Three,  
In heaven our solemn vows record!

370

L. M.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Honor the means ordain'd by thee;  
Make good our apostolic boast,  
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promis'd presence claim;  
Sent to disciple all mankind;  
Sent to baptize into thy name;  
We now thy promis'd presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son:  
In these for whom we seek thy face;  
The hidden mystery make known,  
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art,  
Effectuate now the sacred sign,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,  
Baptizer of our spirits thou!

- The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now !
- 6 O that the souls baptiz'd herein,  
May now thy truth and mercy feel ;  
May rise and wash away their sin :  
Come Holy Ghost, their pardon seal !

371

C. M.

- 1 **C**ELESTIAL Dove, descend from high,  
And on the water brood :  
Come with thy quick'ning power apply  
The water and the blood.
- 2 I love the Lord that stoops so low  
To give his word a seal ;  
But the rich grace his hands bestow  
Exceeds the figure still.
- 3 Almighty God, for thee we call,  
And our request renew :  
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,  
The work we have to do.

372

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour's pierced side  
Pour'd out a double flood :  
By water we are purified,  
And pardon'd by his blood.
- 2 Call'd from above, I rise,  
And wash away my sin ;  
The stream to which my spirit flies,  
Can make the foulest clean.
- 3 It runs divinely clear,  
A fountain deep and wide ;

'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,  
In my Redeemer's side !

373

C. M.

1 **P**ROCLAIM," said Christ, "God's won-  
To all the sons of men ; [drous grace,  
He who believes and is baptiz'd,  
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,  
Who hoping in his word,  
This day have publicly declar'd,  
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,  
And run the Christian race ;  
And in the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes,  
To call their souls away ;  
May they be found prepar'd to live  
In realms of endless days.

374

S. M.

1 **G**REAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race ;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace.

2 Oh, what a vast delight,  
Their happiness to see !  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,  
This ordinance divine ;

Send thy good Spirit from above,  
And make these children thine.

**375**

S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! what our ears have heard,  
Our eyes delight to trace,  
Thy love in long succession shown  
To every virtuous race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,  
And mark them out for thine:  
Ten thousand blessings to thy name  
For goodness so divine!
- 3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,  
And bless the happy bands,  
Which closer still engage their hearts  
To honor thy commands.
- 4 How great thy mercies, Lord!  
How plenteous is thy grace,  
Which in the promise of thy love  
Includes our rising race!
- 5 Our offspring, still thy care,  
Shall own their fathers' God,  
To latest times thy blessing share,  
And sound thy praise abroad.

**376**

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name,



For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of glory came."

- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.
- 

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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377

6 lines 8s.

- 1 **I**N that sad memorable night,  
When Jesus was for us betray'd,  
He left his death-recording rite,  
He took, and bless'd, and brake the bread;  
And gave his own their last bequest,  
And thus his love's intent exprest.
- 2 "Take, eat, this is my body given,  
To purchase life and peace for you,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven;  
Do this my dying love to show;  
Accept your precious legacy,  
And thus, my friends, remember me."
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,  
To crown the sacramental feast,  
And full of kind concern look'd up,  
And gave to them what he had blest:

“And drink ye all of this, (he said)  
In solemn mem’ry of the dead.

- 4 “This is my blood, which seals the new  
Eternal cov’nant of my grace;  
My blood so freely shed for you,  
For you and all the sinful race;  
My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,  
And justifies your claim to heaven.”

378

S. M.

- 1 **L**ET all who truly bear  
The bleeding Saviour’s name,  
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,  
And eat the Paschal Lamb!  
Our passover was slain,  
At Salem’s hallow’d place,  
Yet we who in our tents remain,  
Shall gain his largest grace.
- 2 This eucharistic feast,  
Our every want supplies,  
And still we by his death are blest,  
And share his sacrifice;  
By faith his flesh we eat,  
Who here his passion show,  
And God out of his holy seat  
Shall all his gifts bestow.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ  
His suff’rings to record;  
E’en now we mournfully enjoy  
Communion with our Lord:  
As though we every one  
Beneath his cross had stood,

And seen him heave, and heard him groan,  
And felt his gushing blood.

- 4 O God! 'tis finish'd now!  
The mortal pang is past!  
By faith his head we see him bow,  
And hear him breathe his last.  
We too with him are dead,  
And shall with him arise,  
The cross on which he bows his head  
Shall lift us to the skies.

379

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at whose supreme command  
We now approach to God,  
Before us in thy vesture stand,  
Thy vesture dipt in blood.  
Obedient to thy gracious word,  
We break the hallow'd bread,  
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,  
And trust on thee to feed.
- 2 Now, Saviour, now, thyself reveal,  
And make thy nature known,  
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,  
And stamp us for thy own.  
The tokens of thy dying love,  
O let us all receive,  
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,  
And sensibly believe!
- 3 The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,  
Let it thy blood impart;  
The bread thy mystic body be,  
And cheer each languid heart,

The grace which sure salvation brings,  
 Let us herewith receive;  
 Sate the hungry with good things,  
 The hidden manna give.

- 4 The living bread send down from heaven  
 In us vouchsafe to be;  
 Thy flesh for all the world is given,  
 And all may live by thee.  
 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,  
 And let us drink thy blood,  
 Till all our souls are fill'd below,  
 With all the life of God.

## 380

L. M.

- 1 "THIS finish'd!"—so the Saviour cried,  
 And meekly bow'd his head and died,  
 'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis *finish'd*!—all that heaven decreed,  
 And all the ancient prophets said,  
 Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
 In thee the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis *finish'd*!—Aaron now no more  
 Must stain his robes with purple gore;  
 The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
 And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis *finish'd*!—man is reconcil'd  
 To God, and powers of darkness spoil'd;  
 Peace, love, and happiness again  
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 'Tis *finish'd*!—let the joyful sound  
 Be heard thro' all the nations round;

*'Tis finish'd!—let the echo fly  
Thro' heaven & hell, thro' earth & sky!*

381

C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT doleful night before his death,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Did almost with his dying breath,  
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,  
And to remember thee:  
Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
“For me, he died for me!”
- 3 These sacred signs, thy suff’rings, Lord,  
To our remembrance bring:  
We eat and drink around thy board,  
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame,  
Each heart that pants for thee,  
To sing “Hosanna to the Lamb,”  
The Lamb that died for me!

382

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE broken bread, the blessed cup,  
On which we now are call’d to sup,  
Without thy help and grace divine,  
Will prove no more than bread and wine.
- 2 But come, great Master of the feast,  
Dispense thy grace to every guest;  
Direct our views to Calvary,  
And help us to remember thee.
- 3 Let us with light and truth be blest,  
That on thy bosom we may rest;

And at thy supper each may learn  
Thy broken body to discern.

- 4 O that our souls may now be fed  
With Christ himself, the living bread;  
That we the cov'nant may renew,  
And to our vows be render'd true!

## 383

## C. M.

- 1 **Y**E foll'wers of the Prince of peace,  
Who round his table draw!  
Remember what his Spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,  
Did all his actions guide:  
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;  
Inspir'd by love, he died.
- 3 And do you love him? do you feel  
Your warm affections move?  
This is the proof which he demands,  
That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil;  
Like his be every mind;  
Be every temper form'd by love,  
And every action kind.
- 5 Let none, who call themselves his friends  
Disgrace the honor'd name;  
But by a near resemblance prove  
The title which they claim.

## SABBATH.

384

L. M.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God has blest,  
Another six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns,  
So sweet a rest to weari'd minds,  
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,  
On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
Is the blest pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,  
Creation's scene, redemption's plan,  
With praise we think on mercies past,  
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy comforts pass away;  
How sweet! a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

385

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,  
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away,

- Now let our noblest passions rise,  
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come Holy Spirit, all divine,  
With rays of light upon us shine,  
And let our waiting souls be blest,  
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 O may our pray'rs and praises rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,  
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,  
With all the ransom'd we shall spend  
A Sabbath which shall never end.

**386**

S. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise:  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place  
Where thou, my God, art seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasureable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away,  
To everlasting bliss.



## 387

## L. M.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks & sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,  
Then I shall share a glorious part:  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below;  
And every hour find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

## 388

## P. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, awake,  
And hail this sacred day;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your grateful homage pay;  
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,  
'The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquish'd all our foes:  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!

Heaven with hosannas rings,  
And earth with humbler strains

Thy praise responsive sings;  
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign!"

## 389

L. M.

1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows  
On this thy day, in this thy house;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above:  
Thy servants to that rest aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 There languor shall no more oppress;  
The heart shall feel no more distress;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,  
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;  
But every doubt and fear shall cease,  
And perfect love give perfect peace.

5 When shall that glorious day begin,  
Beyond the reach of death or sin;  
Whose sun shall never more decline,  
But with unfading lustre shine!

## 390

C. M.

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made;  
He calls the hours his own.

- Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day arose our glorious head,  
And death's dread empire fell,  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all its wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna! the annointed King  
Ascends his destin'd throne:  
To God your grateful homage bring,  
And his Messiah own.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who came to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who came in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise!  
The highest heavens in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

## 391

C. M.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,  
To shed its quick'ning beams,  
And yet how slow devotion burns,  
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend,  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
And Sabbaths never end.

- 4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine ;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine.
- 

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

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### MORNING HYMNS.

**392**

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at the Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.
- 4 Now to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

**393**

L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, and with the sun  
Your daily course of duty run ;

- Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay your morning sacrifice.
- 2 Blessed be God, who safe has kept,  
And has refresh'd us while we slept:  
Now help us, Lord, to watch and pray,  
And serve thee faithfully to-day.
- 3 O Lord, illume, direct our way,  
In all we think, or do, or say;  
That all our powers with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite!
- 4 Teach each of us, thy will to know,  
And do the same while here below,  
So that when we from death awake,  
We may of endless life partake.

## 394

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning I will send  
My pray'r to reach thine ear;  
Thou art my Father and my friend,  
My help forever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day,  
Near thee in perfect peace;  
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,  
To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,  
Unless thou be my guide:  
Warn me of every foe and snare,  
And keep me near thy side.
- 4 So shall I pass all dangers safe,  
And tread the tempter down,  
My hope, my trust, joy and relief,  
Shall be in thee alone.

- 5 Thus let my moments smoothly run,  
And sing my hours away,  
Till ev'ning shade and setting sun  
Conclude in endless day.

## 395

*4 lines 7s.*

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone,  
Now the morning light is come;  
Lord, we would be thine to-day,  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,  
Banish every doubt and fear;  
In thy vine-yard, Lord, to-day,  
We would labor, we would pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound,  
Rising up and sitting down,  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,  
O, receive us then at last!  
Night of sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

## 396

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN we with welcome slumber prest,  
Had clos'd our weary eyes,  
A power unseen secur'd our rest,  
And made us joyful rise.
- 2 Numbers this night have doubtless met  
Their long, eternal doom,  
And lost the joys of morning light  
In death's tremendous gloom.

- 3 But life to us its light prolongs,  
Let warmest thanks arise ;  
Great God, accept our morning songs,  
Our willing sacrifice.

397

S. M.

- 1 **S**EE how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way ;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul,  
Its heavenly Parent sing ;  
And to its great Original,  
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care ;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near !
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

398

C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, and praise the Lord,  
For all his rich supplies ;  
His goodness has again restor'd  
My dormant faculties.
- 2 Rais'd from the slumbers of the night,  
In which I helpless lay ;  
Lord, I adore thee for the light  
Of this returning day.

- 3 I bless thee for thy gracious care,  
Vouchsaf'd to me and mine ;  
O may we still thy goodness share,  
And be forever thine.

## 399

C. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound ;  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light ;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasing night.

## 400

C. M.

- 1 **G**IVER and guardian of my sleep,  
To praise thy name I wake :  
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,  
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day  
I thankfully receive :  
O may I only thee obey,  
And to thy glory live !



- 3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,  
 Its cruel power suspend,  
 Till all this strife and war within  
 In perfect peace shall end.
- 4 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,  
 My words and thoughts restrain :  
 Bow my whole soul to thy command,  
 Nor let my faith be vain.
- 5 Pris'ner of hope, I wait the hour  
 Which shall salvation bring ;  
 When all I am shall own thy power,  
 And call my Jesus King.

401

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God was with me all the night,  
 And gave me sweet repose ;  
 His angels watch'd me while I slept,  
 Or I had never rose.
- 2 Now for the mercies of the night,  
 My humble thanks I'll pay ;  
 And unto God I'll dedicate,  
 The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fear and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore,  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My Life, if thou preserve my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 My death, when death must be my lot,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

402

C. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to meet the day ;  
 Unfold thy drowsy eyes,

And burst the pond'rous chain that loads  
Thine active faculties.

- 2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,  
In my defenceless sleep :  
Let him have all my waking hours  
Who doth my slumbers keep.
  - 3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,  
And arm my soul with grace ;  
As rising now, I seal my vows  
To prosecute thy ways.
  - 4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise !  
Thy radiant beams display,  
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul,  
To everlasting day.
- 

## EVENING HYMNS.

403

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,  
The ev'ning shades appear ;  
Oh may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,  
And view th' unweari'd sun,

May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love!

## 404

## L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light,  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thine own Son,  
The ills that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O let my soul on thee repose!  
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close,  
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed:  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

## 405

## C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, from the altar of our hearts,  
Let warmest thanks arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day, God was our sun and shield,  
Our keeper and our guide;

His care was on our weakness shown,  
His mercies multiplied.

- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,  
Do a new song require :  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

## 406

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 Preserv'd by thee another day,  
Another song we raise ;  
For Jesus' sake accept, we pray,  
Our gratitude and praise.
- 3 Now take us underneath thy wing—  
Our God, our Guardian be ;  
That in the morning we may sing  
Another Hymn to thee.

## 407

L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord hath led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days,  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home :

But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head:  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait the voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

108

S. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER day is past,  
The hours forever fled;  
And time is bearing me away,  
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 My mind in perfect peace  
My Father's care shall keep;  
I yield to gentle slumber now,  
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they  
On thee securely stay'd!  
They shall not be in life alarm'd,  
Nor be in death dismay'd.

109

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,  
I am forever thine:  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,

"Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

410

L. M.

- 1 **H**AST thou, my soul ! improv'd each  
power,  
With zeal, this day, for God and man,  
Hath diligence mark'd every hour,  
As though this day might close the span ?
- 2 Oh ! if another op'ning morn  
On earth, should never smile on thee,  
Wert thou to meet another dawn  
In yon unknown eternity—
- 3 Shouldst thou with grief review this day,  
And tremble at Jehovah's rod ?  
Or, wouldst thou calmly soar away,  
To welcome an approving God ?

411

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently descend like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command;  
To thee devote my nights and days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

412

C. M.

- 1 **B**EGONE, my worldly cares away,  
Nor dare to tempt my sight;  
Let me begin th' ensuing day,  
Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of pray'r and praise  
Employ my heart and tongue:  
Begin, my soul, thy Sabbath-days  
Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week,  
Excite a grateful frame;  
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak  
Some good of Jesus' name.
- 4 On wings of expectation borne,  
My hopes to heaven ascend;  
I long to welcome in the morn,  
With *thee* the day to spend.

## TIME.

—

413

4 6s. &amp; 2 8s.

*New-Year.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise!  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days!  
Who lengthens out our trials here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground!  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another and another year.
- 3 When justice gave the word,  
To cut the fig tree down,  
The pity of the Lord  
Cried, "Let it still alone!"  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood,  
From God obtain'd the grace;  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space;  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo! we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about the root,  
Break up our fallow ground,



And let our gracious fruit  
 To thy great praise abound ;  
 O let us all thy grace declare,  
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

414

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
 By which supported still we stand :  
 The op'ning year thy mercy shows,  
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
 Still we are guarded by our God ;  
 By his incessant bounty fed,  
 By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
 The future—all to us unknown—  
 We to thy guardian care commit,  
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;  
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
 Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
 We'll rise to sing thy praise above,  
 And glory in thy boundless love.

415

C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise !  
 All praise to him belongs,  
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,  
 Demands our choicest songs :

His providence hath brought us through  
 Another various year;  
 We all with vows and anthems new  
 Before our God appear.

- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,  
 Thy still continu'd care :  
 To thee presenting, through thy Son,  
 Whate'er we have or are :  
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
 The wonders of thy love,  
 While on in Jesus' steps we go  
 To seek thy face above.
- 3 Our residue of days or hours,  
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;  
 And all our consecrated powers,  
 A sacrifice to thee ;  
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,  
 To saints on earth forgiven,  
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,  
 The jubilee of heaven.

416

C. M.

*Reflections at the End of the Year.*

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, another year  
 Of thy short life is past ;  
 I cannot long continue here,  
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
 Nor will return again ;  
 And swift my passing moments run,  
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care  
 Thy true condition learn ;

What are thy hopes?—how sure, how fair?

What is thy great concern?

- 4 Behold, another year begins;  
Set out afresh for heaven;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

417

L. M.

- 1 **O**H time, how few thy value weigh,  
How few will estimate a day!  
Days, months and years are rolling on,  
The soul neglected and undone!
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,  
Our life its precious hours destroys:  
While death stands watching at our side,  
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
Your Maker gave you here a place?  
Was it for this his thought design'd,  
The frame of your immortal mind?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashion'd all the sons of time;  
Then let us every day give heed,  
To God, ourselves and time to yield.

418

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE time is short! the season near,  
When death will us remove,

- To leave our friends, however dear,  
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,  
Nor trifle time away;  
The word of your salvation hear,  
While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels now  
To Christ, the Lord, submit;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice,  
The Lord will quickly come,  
Soon shall you hear the bridegroom's voice,  
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—  
The hour is just at hand,  
When we shall mount above the skies,  
And reach the wish'd for land.
- 6 The time is short! the moment near,  
When we shall dwell above;  
And be forever happy there,  
With Jesus, whom we love.

## 419

## L. M.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' insure the great reward,  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
O hasten, sinner, to return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven,  
The day of grace when mortals may  
Secure the blessing of the day.

- 3 The living know that they must die,  
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circle of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands with all your might pursue:  
Since no device or work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd,  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
O may we all improve the grace,  
And see with joy the glorious face.

420

P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear!  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, & the labor of love.
- 2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,  
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,  
"I have fought my way through;  
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me  
to do!"  
O that each from his Lord may receive the  
glad word,

“Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne.”

421

C. M.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase:  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave:  
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road;  
And if our souls are hurri'd hence,  
May they be found with God!

422

L. M.

*The wisdom of redeeming time.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee  
 Did infant time its being draw;  
 Moments, and days, and months, and years,  
 Revolve by thine unvari'd law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;  
 Steady and strong the current flows;  
 Lost in eternity's wide sea—  
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,  
 Before the rapid streams are borne  
 On to that everlasting home,  
 Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side  
 Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show,  
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart  
 To know the price of every hour,  
 That time may bear me on to joys  
 Beyond its measure, and its power.

## DEATHS AND FUNERALS.

423

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die!  
 What tin'rous worms we mortals are;  
 Death is the gate to endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
And we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd!
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## 424

S. M.

*First Part.*

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?
- 2 A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierc'd by human thought;  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be.
- 4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise,  
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,  
And see the flaming skies!



- 5 How shall I leave my tomb?  
With triumph or regret?  
A fearful or a joyful doom,  
A curse, or blessing meet!
- 6 Will angel bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
To meet its sentence there?
- 7 Who can resolve the doubt,  
That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or number'd with the blest?
- 8 I must from God be driven,  
Or with my Saviour dwell;  
Must come at his command to heaven,  
Or else—depart to hell.

425

S. M.

*Second Part.*

- 1 **O** THOU that wouldst not have  
One wretched sinner die;  
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save  
From endless misery!
- 2 Show me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe;  
That when thou comest on thy throne,  
I may with joy appear.
- 3 Thou art thyself the Way,  
Thyself in me reveal;  
So shall I spend my life's short day  
Obedient to thy will.

- 4 So shall I love my God,  
     Because he first lov'd me;  
 And praise thee in thy bright abode,  
     To all eternity.

426

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die,  
     This well-wrought frame decay?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
     Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
     Shall but refine this flesh,  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
     To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
     And ever from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
     Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace  
     Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And every shape, and every face,  
     Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,  
     Lord, to thy dying love:  
 O may we bless thy grace below,  
     And sing thy grace above!
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise  
     Of these our humble songs,  
 Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
     With our immortal tongues.

427

8 lines 8s. &amp; 7s.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,  
     All thy mourning days below;

Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go.  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! thy Saviour stands above;  
Shows the purchase of his merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.

- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy great Redeemer's breast;  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest.  
For the joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain;  
Die to live a life of glory:  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

428

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high:  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest;  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown  
I now the cross sustain;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain:  
I suffer on my threescore years,  
Till my Deliv'rer come;  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me ;  
Before my ravish'd eyes,  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise !  
I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there !  
They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
And eonqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet,  
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet !  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away :  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

## 429

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW bless'd the righteous when they die,  
When holy souls retire to rest !  
How mildly beams the elosing eye !  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer eloud away ;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !  
Farewell, ineonstant world, farewell.
- 4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies ;

While heaven and earth combine to say,  
“How bless’d the righteous when he dies !”

430

C. M.

- 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of wo,  
O man, of woman born !  
Thy doom is written, “Dust thou art,  
To dust thou shalt return.”
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state  
In flowers that bloom and die,  
Or in the shadow’s fleeting form  
That mocks the gazer’s eye.
- 3 Determin’d are the days that fly  
Successive o’er thy head ;  
The number’d hour is on the wing  
That lays thee with the dead.
- 4 Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath  
The short allotted span,  
That bounds the few and weary days  
Of pilgrimage to man.

431

C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH ! ’tis a melancholy day  
To those that have no God ;  
When the poor soul is forc’d away  
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,  
But guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downwards from the skies  
To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,  
Let stubborn sinners fear ;

Ye must be driv'n from earth, and dwell  
A long forever there.

- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face ;  
And thou, my soul, look downward too,  
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,  
That promis'd heaven to me,  
And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,  
Then come the joyful day ;  
Come, death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

## 432

6 lines 7s. & 8s.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame ;  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying—  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark, they whisper—angels say,  
“Sister spirit, come away :”  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?—  
Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears—  
Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring !  
Lend, lend your wings : I mount ! I fly !

O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

433

C. M.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn for dying friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And soften'd every bed:  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way,  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations under ground:  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

434

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!  
My ears attend the cry—



- “Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers :  
The tall, the wise, the rev’rend head,  
Shall lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure !  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepar’d no more !
- 4 Grant us the power of quick’ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly ;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We’ll rise above the sky.

## 435

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E mourners who in silent gloom,  
Bear your dear kindred to the tomb ;  
Grudge not when Christians go to rest,  
They sleep in Jesus, and are blest.
- 2 Call then to mind their faith, their love,  
Their meetness for the realms above ;  
And if to heaven a saint is fled,  
O mourn the living, not the dead.
- 3 Weep o’er the thousands that remain,  
Deep sunk in sin, or rack’d with pain ;  
Mourn your own crimes and wicked ways,  
And learn to number all your days.

## 436

L. M.

- 1 **U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;



- And give these sacred relics room,  
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son  
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed;  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;  
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;  
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—  
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

437

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE grave is now a favour'd spot,  
To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd;  
For there the wicked trouble not,  
And there the weary are at rest.
- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;  
At rest as in a peaceful bed;  
Secure from all the dreadful storms,  
Which round this sinful world are spread.
- 3 Thrice happy souls who're gone before  
To that inheritance divine!  
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,  
But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry  
Or in a gentle measure flow;  
We hail them happy in the sky,  
And joyful wait our call to go.

## 438

C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are borne,  
Around their cold remains  
How all the tender passions mourn,  
And each fond heart complains.
- 2 But down to earth, alas, in vain  
We bend our weeping eyes ;  
Ah, let us leave these seats of pain,  
And upward learn to rise.
- 3 Jesus, who left his bless'd abode,  
(Amazing grace !) to die,  
Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road  
To his bright courts on high.
- 4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,  
The tears forget to flow ;  
Hope views our absent happy friends,  
And calms the swelling wo.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more,  
That earthly comfort dies ;  
But lasting happiness explore,  
And ask it from the skies.

## 439

C. M.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my gracious Lord,  
With transport all divine ;  
Thine image trace in every word,  
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms  
Spread o'er thy lovely face,  
While infants in thy tender arms  
Receive the smiling grace.

- 3 "I take these little lambs" said he,  
    "And lay them in my breast;  
Protection they shall find in me,  
    In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,  
    But can't dissolve my love:  
Millions of infant souls compose  
    The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,  
    And mould with heavenly skill;  
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
    And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,  
    And shout with joys divine;  
O Saviour, all we have and are,  
    Shall be forever thine.

## 440

## C. M.

- 1 **A**N early summons Jesus sends  
    To call a child above:  
And whispers o'er the weeping friends,  
    'Tis all the fruit of love.
- 2 To save the darling child from woe,  
    And guard it from all harms,  
From all the griefs you feel below,  
    I call'd it to my arms.
- 3 Ah, do not rashly with me strive,  
    Nor vainly fast or weep;  
The child, though dead, is yet alive,  
    And only fall'n asleep.
- 4 'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid,  
    And feels no sorrow there;

'Tis by a heavenly parent fed,  
And needs no more your care.

- 5 To you the child was only lent,  
While mortal it was thine;  
But now in robes immortal pent,  
It lives for ever mine.

441

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth, imprest  
With awful power—I too must die,  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more,  
Behold the gaping tomb;  
It bids us seize the present hour,  
'To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain  
Which calls to watch and pray,
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy saving grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power;  
This only can prepare the heart,  
For death's surprising hour.

442

C. M.

*Death of a Child.*

- 1 **T**HE once lov'd form, now cold and dead,  
 Each mournful thought employs ;  
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
 And wither'd all her joys.
- 2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
 When what we now deplore  
 Shall rise in full, immortal prime,  
 And bloom to fade no more.
- 3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears ;  
 Religion points on high ;  
 There everlasting spring appears,  
 And joys which cannot die.

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 RESURRECTION.
 

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443

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign  
 And triumph o'er the just ;  
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain,  
 Lies mingled with the dust ?
- 2 Faith sees the Lord of glory come,  
 And flaming guards around ;  
 The skies divide to make him room,  
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 Faith hears the voice, "Ye dead arise !"   
 And lo ! the graves obey ;  
 And waking saints with joyful eyes  
 Salute th' expected day.

- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the midway air;  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And low adore him there.
- 5 O may our humble spirits stand  
Among them cloth'd in white;  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.
- 6 How will our joy and wonder rise,  
When our returning King  
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,  
On love's triumphant wing.

1111

L. M.

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,  
But with a cheerful gasp resign  
To the cold dungeon of the grave,  
'These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
And crumble all my bones to dust;  
My God shall raise my frame anew  
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,  
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;  
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,  
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.
- 4 Our weary spirits faint to see  
The light of thy returning face,  
And hear the language of those lips,  
Where God hath shed his richest grace.
- 5 Haste then upon the wings of love,  
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,

That we may join in heavenly joys,  
And sing the triumphs of the day.

445

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake—  
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,  
And dust to life awake;—
- 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,  
Shall incorrupted rise;  
And mortal forms shall spring to life,  
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,  
Is now at last fulfill'd—  
That Death should yield his ancient reign,  
And, vanquish'd, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And thus begin to sing;  
“O Grave! where is thy triumph now?  
“And where, O Death! thy sting?
- 5 “Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;  
“’Twas this that arm'd thy dart;  
“The law gave sin its strength, and force,  
“To pierce the sinner's heart.
- 6 “But God, whose name be ever blest!  
“Disarms that foe we dread;  
“And makes us conqu'rors, when we die,  
“Through Christ our living Head.”
- 7 (Then steadfast let us still remain,  
Though dangers rise around;  
And in the work prescrib'd by God,  
Yet more and more abound:—

- 8 Assur'd that though we labor now,  
We labor not in vain ;  
But through the grace of heaven's great Lord,  
Th' eternal crown shall gain.)

## 446

*8 lines 7s. & 6s.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, faithful to his word,  
Shall with a shout descend:  
All heaven's host their glorious Lord  
Shall joyfully attend.  
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,  
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud ;  
With the great archangel's voice,  
And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise ;  
Then we that yet remain,  
Shall be caught up to the skies,  
And see our Lord again.  
We shall meet him in the air ;  
All wrapt up to heaven shall be ;  
Find, and love, and praise him there,  
To all eternity.
- 3 Who can tell the happiness,  
This glorious hope affords ?  
Joy unutter'd we possess  
In these reviving words :  
Happy while on earth we breathe ;  
Mightier bliss ordain'd to know :  
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,  
To the third heaven we go.



## JUDGMENT.

447

P. M.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment,—day of wonders,  
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
Ye who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
Gracious Saviour!  
Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature, shaken,  
By his looks prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner!  
What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!  
'Thou with Satan  
And his angels hast thy part!"
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,

He will say, "Come near, ye blessed !  
See the kingdom I bestow !  
You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know.

- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought our courage raise !  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise !  
May we triumph,  
When the world is in a blaze !

## 448

## C. M.

- 1 **A**ND must I be to Judgment brought,  
And answer in that day,  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live !  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow ;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel thee near !  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at thy bar appear.

449

C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus thou source of all my joys,  
Thou ruler of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice,  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 The thunder of that awful word,  
Would so torment my ear,  
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,  
And yet forbid to die!  
To linger in eternal pain,  
And death for ever fly!
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love!

450

8, 7, &amp; 4.

- 1 **L**O! he comes! with clouds descending,  
Once for favor'd sinners slain;  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!—  
Jesus comes,—he comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;

Those who set at nought and sold him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing—  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
 Come to judgment !  
 Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne !  
 Saviour ! take the power and glory ;  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !  
 Oh come quickly—  
 Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

## 451

## P. M.

- 1 **S**EE th' Eternal Judge descending,  
 Seated on his Father's throne ;  
 Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee  
 That he's with the Father One :  
 Trumpets call thee,  
 Stand and hear the awful doom.
- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,  
 At the sight of fiercer pain ;  
 Cries and tears he now is venting  
 But he weeps and cries in vain :  
 Greatly mourning,  
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 With the marks of dying love :

- O that I had sought his favor,  
 When I felt his Spirit move!  
 Doom'd I'm justly,  
 For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his wooing I have slighted,  
 While he daily sought my soul,  
 If my vows to him I plighted,  
 Yet for sin I broke them all:  
 Golden moments,  
 How neglected did they roll!
- 5 There I see my godly neighbours,  
 Who were once despis'd by me,  
 Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,  
 Waiting my sad fate to see;  
 Farewell, neighbours—  
 Dismal gulph, I'm bound for thee!
- 6 Hail! ye ghosts, that dwell in darkness,  
 Groaning, rattling of your chains!  
 Christ has now denounc'd my sentence,  
 I'm to dwell in endless pains;  
 Down I'm rolling,  
 Never to return again.
- 7 Now experience plainly shows me,  
 Hell is not a fabled thing,  
 Now I see my friends in glory,  
 Round the throne they ever sing,  
 I'm tormented  
 With an everlasting sting.

452

P. M.

- 1 **L**O! we see the sign appearing,  
 Jesus comes, the Judge severe

Hell is trembling, earth is quaking,  
 Sinners shriek with awful fear :  
 Come to judgment,  
 Stand your awful doom to hear.

2 See the world in flames is burning,  
 Hills and mountains fly away ;  
 Lo ! the moon and stars are falling,  
 Comets blazing through the sky ;  
 Thunders rolling,  
 Sinners now for help they cry.

3 From the general conflagration,  
 Mount the righteous up on high,  
 Gain the hope of their salvation,  
 Live with God no more to die ;  
 Hallelujah !  
 Glory to the Lamb they cry.

4 Stop, my soul, look back and wonder,  
 See the wicked left behind,  
 Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,  
 For a moment's ease to find ;  
 Doom'd to sorrow,  
 In the lake of hell confin'd.

453

L. M.

1 **H**E comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe !  
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;  
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;  
 How welcome to the faithful soul !

2 From heaven angelic voices sound ;  
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd !  
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,  
 He claims the kingdoms for his own ;  
 The kingdoms all obey his word,  
 And hail him their triumphant Lord !

4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
 And all the saints of the Most High ;  
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
 For ever and for ever reigns.

454

L. M.

1 **T**HE great archangel's trump shall sound,  
 (While twice ten thousand thunders  
 roar,)

Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
 And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
 The earth no more her slain conceal ;  
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,  
 And faithful to the end endure,  
 Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness :  
 Stand as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
 And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,  
 Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,  
 And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein  
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd ;  
 While we survey the awful scene,  
 And mount above the fiery void.

- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,  
And on that ruin'd world look down:  
By love above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne.

## 455

S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear.
- 2 Our caution'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.
- 3 To pray and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When rob'd in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down.
- 4 Th' immortal Son of man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.
- 5 To damp our earthly joys,  
'T' increase our gracious fears,  
For ever let th' Archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears:
- 6 The solemn midnight cry,  
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!  
Arise and meet him in the sky,  
And meet your instant doom!"
- 7 O may we thus be found  
Obedient to thy word,



Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord !

- 8 O may we all ensure  
A lot among the blest :  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

456

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes,  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

## ETERNITY.

—

457

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNITY ! stupendous theme !  
Compar'd herewith our life's a dream :  
Eternity ! O awful sound,  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd !
- 2 Eternity ! the dread abode  
And habitation of our God ;  
His glory fills the vast expanse,  
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 3 But an eternity there is  
Of dreadful wo, or joyful bliss :  
And, swift as time fulfills its round,  
We to eternity are bound.
- 4 What countless millions of mankind  
Have left this fleeting world behind !  
'They're gone ; but where ? ah ! pause & see,  
Gone to a long eternity.
- 5 Sinner, canst thou forever dwell  
In all the fiery deeps of hell ;  
And is death nothing, then, to thee ;  
Death, and a dread eternity ?
- 6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up ;  
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope :  
This everlasting bliss secure ;  
God and eternity are yours.

458

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see ;

- And all my brethren here below,  
Will soon come after me.
- 2 My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I leave you in God's care ;  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 3 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.
- 4 And when as many years have pass'd,  
As sands upon the shore,  
The saints above shall have no fear,  
That their blest days are o'er.
- 5 If all the drops in ocean's wide  
Could but be number'd o'er,  
And then by millions multiplied,  
And thrice as many more.—
- 6 And then as many years should pass,  
As water drops that fall,  
Or grains of sand, or spires of grass,  
Upon this earthly ball.
- 7 And when as many millions more,  
As stars that fill the sky ;  
'Then all these numbers doubled o'er,  
Can't meet eternity.
- 8 Eternity will still remain,  
'Twill be eternity ;  
The song to Christ who once was slain,  
Will last eternally.

459

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven ! farewell,  
With all your feeble light,  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames array'd !  
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts  
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display ;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes ;  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall share  
With infinite delight.

## HEAVEN.

—

460

C. M.

- 1 **H** EAVEN is a place of endless rest,  
Where saints and angels shine ;  
They are with Christ, in glory blest,  
Their joys are all divine.
- 2 The saints through tribulation pass'd  
Before they reach'd the shore ;  
But they obtain'd the prize at last,  
And now their toils are o'er.
- 3 Nor grief, nor pain, nor doubts, nor fears,  
Can reach that world above ;  
Christ Jesus wipes away their tears,  
And fills their hearts with love.
- 4 They neither thirst nor hunger more ;  
Their wants are all supplied ;  
Oh ! that we all might reach the shore ;  
And there with Christ abide.
- 5 Oh ! may we on his throne sit down,  
And hear him say, "Well done !"  
Receive the blood-bought, starry crown,  
Which you through faith have won.

461

C. M.

- 1 **J** ERUSALEM ! my happy home,  
O, how I long for thee !  
When will my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold !

- Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,  
My study long have been ;  
Such sparkling light, by human sight  
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus, O ! glorious Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence !  
What folly 'tis, that I should dread  
To die and go from hence.

## 462

## C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand drest in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove  
The gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes,

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the land-scape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood  
 Should fright us from the shore.

463

P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land far out of sight,  
 Beyond these earthly climes,  
 Where darkness ne'er excludes the light,  
 But day perpetual shines,—  
 Where glories burst upon the soul,  
 And joys in endless prospect roll.
- 2 No pois'nous fruit, nor grief, nor fear,  
 Nor hate, nor war, nor strife,  
 But fruits of paradise grow there,  
 On trees of endless life,—  
 In that delightful land above,  
 The trees of life bear fruits of love.
- 3 No chilling winds, nor low'ring storms,  
 That cloud our prospects here,  
 Nor sin in all its vari'd forms  
 Shall find admittance there,—  
 But holy and enraptur'd joy,  
 Shall fill the soul without alloy.
- 4 Perennial spring, eternal mourn,  
 Where flowers ne'er fade away,  
 There roses grow without a thorn,  
 There's health without decay,—  
 Eternal youth, immortal prime,  
 Unscath'd by age, improv'd by time.
- 5 Sweet music charms the list'ning ear,  
 And fills th' enraptur'd soul,

Life's waters flowing bright and clear,  
 In gentle currents roll,—  
 And when earth's pilgrimage is o'er,  
 We'll taste and drink to thirst no more.

464

P. M. 6 7s. &amp; 2 6.

- 1 **B**URST ye emerald gates and bring  
 To my raptur'd vision,  
 All the ecstatic joys that spring  
 Round the bright elysian :  
 Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,  
 Break, ye intervening skies,  
 Sun of righteousness, arise,  
 Ope the gates of paradise !
- 2 Floods of everlasting light,  
 Freely flash before him :  
 Myriads with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore him :  
 Angel trumps resound his fame ;  
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
 All the music of his name ;  
 Heaven is heighten'd by the theme.
- 3 Four and twenty elders rise  
 From their princely station,  
 Shout his glorious victories,  
 Sing the great salvation ;  
 Cast their crowns before his throne,  
 Cry in reverential tone,  
 Glory be to God alone,  
 Holy ! holy ! holy One.
- 4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies  
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;



Join we, too, the holy lays,  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!  
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,  
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, Jesus flow along.

465

C. M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow:  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest!  
When shall I see my father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,  
 Would here no longer stay !  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flowery plains,  
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;  
 But in perpetual joyful strains,  
 Redeeming love admire.

466

4 lines 9s. &amp; 8s.

*My Father-Land.*

1 **T**HERE is a place where my hopes are  
 stay'd,  
 My heart and my treasure are there :  
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade,  
 And fields are eternally fair.

## CHORUS.

*That blissful place is my father-land ;  
 By faith its delights I explore ;  
 Come, favor my flight, angelic band,  
 And waft me in peace to the shore.*

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,  
 A pure and a peaceful abode ;  
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell—  
 But there is the palace of God !  
*That blissful, &c.*

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,  
 Who suffer'd and worship'd with me ;  
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,  
 The King in his beauty they see.  
*That blissful, &c.*

- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,  
When life and its labors are o'er;  
A place which the Lord to me will give,  
And then I shall sorrow no more.  
*That blissful, &c.*

**467** C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
Realms ever bright and fair!  
For sin, the source of mortal wo,  
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high;  
Then bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

**468** C. M.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known  
What joys the Father has prepar'd,  
For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lip nor envious eye  
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life ;  
There all their names are found ;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heavenly ground.

## 469

4 lines 8s.

- 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the bless'd,  
That country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confess'd,  
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within—  
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first-born above—  
But what must it be to be there !
- 4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or wo,  
For heaven my spirit prepare ;

And shortly I also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.

470

S. M.

- 1 **L**OVE fills all heaven with light;  
Love tunes the lyres above;  
Angels and saints their songs unite,  
And every voice is love.
- 2 That holy, happy throng  
In sweet accordance move;  
Jesus their everlasting song,  
And every accent love.
- 3 Soon will the church below  
Unite with that above;  
The Saviour's blissful presence know,  
And sing redeeming love.

471

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME on, my brethren in the Lord,  
Whose hearts are join'd in one;  
Hold up your heads with courage bold,  
Your race is almost run!  
Above the clouds, behold Him stand,  
And smiling bids you come;  
And angels whisp'ring you away,  
To your eternal home.
- 2 To see a pilgrim as he dies,  
With glory in his view:  
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,  
And bids the world adieu,  
While friends are weeping all around,  
And loth to let him go;

He shouts with his expiring breath,  
And leaves them all below !

- 3 O Christians, are you ready now,  
To cross the swelling flood ;  
On Canaan's happy shore to stand,  
And see your smiling God !  
The dazzling charms of that bright world  
Attract my soul above !  
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,  
When perfected in love.
- 4 Go on, my brethren in the Lord !  
I'm bound to meet you there ;  
Although we tread enchanted ground,  
Be bold and never fear ;  
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,  
The land appears in view ;  
I hope to gain fair Canaan's shore,  
And there to meet with you.

472

8 lines 7s.

- 1 **W**HO are these array'd in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?  
Foremost of the sons of light ;  
Nearest the eternal throne ?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their master stood ;  
Suff'ers in his righteous cause :  
Foll'wers of the Lamb of God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came :  
Wash'd their robes by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow ;

Therefore are they next the throne,  
 Serve their Maker day and night :  
 God resides among his own,  
 God doth in his saints delight.

- 3 More than conquerors at last,  
 Here they find their trials o'er ;  
 They have all their sufferings past,  
 Hunger now and thirst no more :  
 No excessive heat they feel  
 From the sun's directer ray ;  
 In a milder clime they dwell,  
 Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,  
 Them the Lamb shall always feed ;  
 With the tree of life sustain ;  
 To the living fountains lead ;  
 He shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove ;  
 Wipe the tears from every face ;  
 Fill up every soul with love.

473

C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,  
 Lie just before mine eye ;  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd to those regions fly :  
 I'd rise superior to my pain,  
 With joy outstrip the wind ;  
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
 And leave the world behind.
- 2 While I'm imprison'd here below,  
 In anguish, pain and smart,

- Of times those troubles I forego,  
When love surrounds my heart :  
In darkest shadows of the night,  
Faith mounts the upper sky,  
I then behold my heart's delight,  
And would rejoice to die !
- 3 I view the monster death, and smile,  
Now he has lost his sting ;  
Though Satan rages all the while  
I still in triumph sing :  
I hold my Saviour in my arms,  
And will not let him go ;  
I'm so delighted with his charms,  
No other good I'll know.
- 4 A few more days, or years at most,  
My troubles will be o'er,  
I hope to join the heavenly host,  
On Canaan's happy shore :  
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast  
In love's unbounded sea ;  
The glorious hope of endless rest,  
Is transporting to me.
- 5 O come, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me through the sky,  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,  
Make haste, and bring it nigh :  
I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine ;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be forever thine.
- 6 Then I will tune my harp of gold,  
To my eternal King ;



Through ages that can ne'er be told,  
I'll make his praises ring :  
All hail ! thou great eternal God !  
Who died on Calvary ;  
And sav'd me with his precious blood,  
From endless misery.

- 7 Ten thousand thousand join in one,  
To praise th' Eternal Three :  
Prostrate before the blazing throne,  
In deep humility :  
They raise and tune their harps of gold,  
And string th' immortal lyre ;  
And ages that can ne'er be told,  
Shall raise their praises higher.

474

C. M.

- 1 **O** Land of rest, for thee I sigh !  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armour by,  
And dwell in peace at home.
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful shelt'ring dome.  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest ;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succour on his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 I should at once have quit this field,  
Where foes with fury foam ;  
But ah ! my passport was not seal'd—  
I could not yet go home.

- 5 When by affliction sharply tried,  
I view the gaping tomb;  
Although I dread death's chilling tide,  
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wand'ring round and round,  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

475

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heavenly home is bright and fair,  
Nor death nor sighing visit there;  
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine—  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
- 2 My father's house is built on high,  
Above the arch'd and starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam,  
Altho' like Laz'rus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 I envy not the rich and great,  
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;  
My Father is a richer King—  
That heavenly mansion, still I sing.
- 5 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 6 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,

All nature sink, and cease to be,  
That heavenly mansion stands for *me*.

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## HELL.

—

476

L. M.

- 1 **H**ELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound.  
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;  
It spreads a sickly damp around,  
And makes the guilty quake with fear.
- 2 Far from the utmost verge of day,  
Its frightful, gloomy region lies!  
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,  
And thick sulphureous vapours rise.
- 3 Conscience, the never dying worm,  
With constant torture gnaws the heart;  
And wo and wrath, in every form,  
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.
- 4 The wretches rave o'erwhelm'd with wo,  
And bite their everlasting chains;  
And with their rage, their torments grow,  
Resentment but augments their pains.
- 5 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear  
Hopeless in all these pains to lie;  
Rack'd with vexation—grief, despair—  
And ever dying,—never die?
- 6 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,  
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;  
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,  
'To praise my Saviour and my God."

477

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song  
The dreadful God our souls adore;  
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue,  
That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,  
Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,  
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,  
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,  
And roars, and bites his iron bands;  
In vain the rebel strives to rise,  
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]
- 5 The guilty ghosts of Adam's race  
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;  
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,  
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;  
Sinner, obey the Saviour's call;  
Else your damnation hastens on,  
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

478

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed!

- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay,  
Till like a flood with rapid force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Among abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains;  
'Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood,  
For their old guilt atones;  
Nor the compassion of a God  
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
Nor bid my soul remove,  
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,  
And well insur'd his love.

479

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from the utmost verge of day  
Those gloomy regions lie,  
Where flames amid the darkness play—  
The worm shall never die.
- 2 'The breath of God—his angry breath  
Supplies and fans the fire;  
There sinners taste the second death,  
And would—but can't expire.
- 3 'Conscience, the never-dying worm,  
With torture gnaws the heart;

And wo, and wrath, in every form,  
Is now the sinner's part.

- 4 Sad world indeed ! ah, who can bear  
For ever there to dwell—  
For ever sinking in despair  
In all the pains of hell !

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PARTING.

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480

L. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be  
gone,  
I have no home or stay with you,  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world do view.

CHORUS.

*Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
My loving friends, farewell.*

- 2 Farewell, young converts of the cross,  
Oh ! labor hard for Christ and heaven ;  
You've counted all things here but dross,  
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.  
*Farewell, &c.*

- 3 Farewell, poor, careless sinners, too,  
It grieves my heart to leave you here ;  
Eternal vengeance waits for you,  
O turn, and find salvation near !  
*O turn, O turn, O turn !  
And find salvation near.*

481

P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT happy children who follow Jesus  
 Into the house of pray'r and praise,  
 And join in union, while love increases,  
 Resolv'd this way to spend our days,  
 Altho' we're hated by the world and Satan,  
 By the flesh, and such as love not God;  
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,  
 We oft-times find on Canaan's road.
- 2 Since we've been waiting on blessed Jesus,  
 We felt some strength come from above,  
 Our hearts have burnt with holy rapture,  
 We long to be with Christ above.  
 Then let us hold fast what is given,  
 And trust in God for time to come:  
 Sure we shall find our way to heaven,  
 So farewell brethren, we're going home.
- 3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,  
 And pray for those who spurn his grace;  
 Lest they should loose love's richest treasure,  
 And ne'er enjoy his smiling face;  
 Now here's my heart and my best wishes,  
 In token of my Christian love;  
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,  
 So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

482

P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the  
 time is at hand,  
 That we must be parted from this social  
 land;

Our sev'ral engagements now call us away,  
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a  
while,

We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence  
smile;

But when we are parted and scatter'd  
abroad,

We'll pray for each other when wrestling  
with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be  
discharg'd,

The war will be ended, your treasures en-  
larg'd;

With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan  
may roar.

We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the  
shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who 're listed  
for war,

Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;

Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to  
peace.

5 The world and the devil, and hell, all unite,  
And bold persecution will try you to fright;  
But Jesus stands for you, who is stronger  
than they,

Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad bro-  
ken hearts,

O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part,



He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,  
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all  
around,

Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump  
shall sound;

To meet you in glory, I'll give you my hand,  
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

483

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heavenly grace,  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,  
That we must part again,  
O let thy gracious presence still  
With every soul remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the cords of love,  
Till we around thy glorious throne,  
Shall joyous meet above.

484

L. M.

1 **M**Y dearest friends in bonds of love,  
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,  
Your friendship's like the strongest band;  
Yet we must take the parting hand.  
Your company's sweet, your union dear,  
Your words delightful to my ear;  
And when I see that we must part,  
You draw like cords around my heart.

- 2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,  
Since we have met to sing and pray;  
How loth we are to leave the place,  
Where Jesus shows his smiling face;  
O could I stay with friends so kind,  
How would it cheer my fainting mind;  
But duty makes me understand,  
That we must take the parting hand.
- 3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,  
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;  
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,  
Which makes me think we'll meet again.  
A few more days, or years at most,  
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!  
When in that holy, happy land  
We'll clasp anew th' immortal hand.
- 4 I hope you will remember me,  
If you no more my face should see,  
An int'rest in your pray'rs I crave,  
That we may meet beyond the grave.  
O blessed day! O glorious hope!  
My soul leaps forward at the thought,  
When in that holy, happy land,  
We'll take no more the parting hand.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;

Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all "depart in peace."

486

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Christian brethren, ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart;  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One closing song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,  
But there is yet a happier shore;  
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,  
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

487

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E pilgrims that are wand'ring home,  
The foll'wers of the Lamb,  
Sweeter to me than honey comb,  
Is Christ's despised name.
- 2 Let us with undissembled love,  
Like children hand in hand,  
Walk to our Father's house above,  
And to the promis'd land.
- 3 'Tis there with Christ in Paradise,  
We shall forever dwell,  
Till then let's pray, both night and day,  
And so, dear friends, farewell.

## PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE FOR A  
CHURCH.

488

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation-stone  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
We now adore thy name ;  
We trust our whole salvation here,  
Nor can we suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain :  
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise :  
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

489

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God! who laid on Zion's mount  
A precious corner-stone ;  
More powerful than the gates of hell,  
And sacred as thy throne.
- 2 Regard us, who before thee spread,  
Our hands in solemn pray'r ;

For by thy cloud and pillar led,  
The ark hath rested here.

3 The patriarchs and prophets prov'd,  
A sure foundation given:  
The martyrs rested there unmov'd,  
In holiest hope of heaven.

4 That rock was Christ—fore'er the same,  
The Lord, our righteousness:  
O may this altar bear thy name,  
And thou our labor bless.

5 And though in glorious temple high,  
Eternal is thy throne;  
O let us find thy footstool nigh,  
And prove this place thine own.

490

L. M.

1 **T**O-DAY we lay the corner-stone,  
To rear our sacred walls upon,  
A house of God, who's pledg'd to be  
Where he is sought by two or three.

2 Where I record my name, says he,  
And where my children honor me,  
There I will come to own and bless  
My ordinances with success.

3 But Jesus is the corner-stone,  
For us to build our hopes upon;  
On him the edifice may rise  
Sublime in light, beyond the skies.

4 When storms and tempests round prevail,  
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail:  
'Tis he our trembling souls shall hide,  
On him securely we abide.

- 5 Dear Shepherd of thine Israel,  
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell;  
 Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim  
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 6 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,  
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 7 God of the churches! thou art near;  
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,  
 Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.
- 

#### DEDICATION OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

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491

P. M.

- 1 GREAT King of Glory, come,  
 And with thy favor crown  
 This temple as thy dome,  
 This people as thy own:  
 Beneath this roof oh deign to show  
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thy ears attend  
 Our interceding cries,  
 And grateful praise ascend  
 All-fragrant to the skies:  
 Here may thy word melodious sound,  
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may th' attentive throng  
 Imbibe thy truth and love,

And converts join the song  
Of seraphim above ;  
And willing crowds surround thy board,     1  
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

- 4 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise,  
And shine like polish'd stones,  
Through long succeeding days ;  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand, and men adore.

## 492

L. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish his abode ?  
And will he, from his radiant throne,  
Avow our temple for his own ?
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise,  
Long may they echo to thy praise ;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the glories of his train :  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That crowds were born to glory here.

## 493

L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy temple, God of grace,  
The house that we have rear'd for thee,

- Regard it as thy resting place,  
And fill it with thy majesty.
- 2 With outstretch'd hands on thee we call,  
Prostrate before thy throne we bow;  
O let the cloud of glory fall,  
On all thy waiting servants now.
- 3 Now by thy presence sanctify  
This earthly sanctuary, Lord;  
And to its courts be ever nigh,  
And here thy hallow'd name record.
- 4 When from its altar shall arise  
Joint supplication to thy name,  
Deign to accept the sacrifice,  
Thyself our answ'ring God proclaim.
- 5 And when from hence the voice of praise,  
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,  
Show thy acceptance of our lays,  
By making all thy glory known.
- 6 When here thy ministers shall stand,  
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,  
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,  
And give thy truth a winning way.
- 7 Now, therefore, O our God, arise,  
In this thy resting place appear;  
And let thy people's longing eyes  
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are?  
With strong desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.



- 2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
Here they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

495

S. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great ;  
He makes his churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand !  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known  
A refuge in distress ;  
How bright has his salvation shone  
Through all her palaces !
- 4 In every new distress  
We'll to his house repair ;

We'll think upon his wondrous grace,  
And seek deliv'rance there.

---

## ORDINATION.

496

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
*Him* whom we now to thee commend;  
His person bless, his soul secure,  
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
Direct his feet in paths of peace;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,  
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;  
Oh love him, save him to the end;  
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;  
In him thy mighty power exert;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

497

L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep  
With constant care thy humble sheep;  
By thee, inferior pastors rise  
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
Resembling thy own gracious heart,

Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,  
Men may attest, and God approve.

- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,  
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;  
And by their fair example led,  
'The way to Zion's pastures tread!
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;  
'Thy saints are succour'd, and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the shepherd, and the flock;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And own this tribute of our praise.

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MISSIONARY HYMNS.

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498

C. M.

- 1 **L**OOK up, the harvest fields are white,  
And bends the rip'ning grain;  
Go forth and reap, lest fall the night,  
And day be given in vain.
- 2 See, India, from her jewel'd throne,  
Bows down the list'ning ear,  
And her unnumber'd thousands own  
'The dawn of mercy near.
- 3 A slanting ray of freedom's sun  
Has glanc'd on Afric's shore;  
Swiftly and wide the tidings run  
That darkness reigns no more.

- 4 Go forth—the lamp of truth is bright—  
And bid its heavenly ray  
Dispel the ling'ring shades of night,  
And chase their gloom away.
- 5 We plant the cross ; but, Lord, thy breath  
Alone has power to raise,  
From the dark silent vale of death,  
An army to thy praise.

499

S. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of boundless grace,  
Thou hast in part fulfill'd  
Thy promise made to Adam's race,  
In God incarnate seal'd,  
A few from every land  
At first to Salem came,  
And saw the wonders of thy hand,  
And saw the tongues of flame.
- 2 Yet still we wait the end,  
The coming of our Lord ;  
The full accomplishment attend  
Of thy prophetic word.  
Thy promise deeper lies  
In unexhausted grace,  
And new-discover'd worlds arise  
To sing their Saviour's praise.
- 3 Belov'd for Jesus' sake,  
By him redeem'd of old,  
All nations must come in, and make  
One undivided fold :  
While gather'd in by thee  
And perfected in one,

They all at once thy glory see  
In thy co-equal Son.

---

## FOR MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.

500

L. M.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,  
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;  
The voice that marshal'd every star,  
Has call'd thy people from afar.
  - 2 We meet through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
Along the line—to either pole—  
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
  - 3 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway;  
Then give thy growing empire way,  
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—  
Till all mankind shall be subdu'd.
  - 4 Our pray'rs assist—accept our praise—  
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—  
Our counsels aid—and oh! impart,  
The single eye—the faithful heart.
- 

## SABBATH SCHOOLS.

501

P. M.

*Children.*

- 1 **C**OME let our voices join,  
In one glad song of praise;

To God, the God of love,  
Our grateful hearts we raise :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your praise belongs ;  
His love demands your earliest songs.

*Children.*

- 2 Now we are taught to read  
The book of life divine ;  
Where our Redeemer's love,  
And brightest glories shine :

*Congregation.*

To God alone the praise is due,  
Who sends his word to us and you.

*Children.*

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls  
Our wand'ring feet are brought ;  
Where pray'r and praise ascend,  
And heavenly truths are taught :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your off'rings bring ;  
Here in his church his praises sing.

*Children.*

- 4 For blessings such as these,  
Our gratitude receive ;  
Lord, here accept our hearts,  
'Tis all that we can give :

*Congregation.*

Great God, accept their infant songs ;  
To thee alone their praise belongs.

*Both.*

- 5 Lord, bid this work of love  
     Be crown'd with meet success ;  
 May thousands yet unborn,  
     'This institution bless :  
 Thus shall the praise resound to thee,  
 Now, and through all eternity.

## 502

## C. M.

- 1 **M**ERCY, descending from above,  
     In softest accents pleads ;  
 O may each tender bosom move,  
     When mercy intercedes !
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
     And God will well approve,  
 When infants learn to lisp his name,  
     And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work ! young souls to win,  
     And turn the rising race  
 From the deceitful paths of sin,  
     To seek their Saviour's face.
- 4 Almighty God ! thine influence shed  
     To aid this blest design ;  
 The honor of thy name be spread,  
     And all the glory thine.

## 503

## C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world of light,  
     Above the starry sky,  
 Where saints departed, cloth'd in white,  
     Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark, amid the sacred songs  
     Those heavenly voices raise,

- Ten thousand thousand infant tongues  
Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,  
If Jesus we obey ;  
'That is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 This is the joy we ought to seek,  
And make our chief concern ;  
For this we come from week to week,  
To read, and hear, and learn.
- 5 Soon will our earthly race be run,  
Our mortal frame decay ;  
Children and teachers, one by one,  
Must die and pass away.
- 6 Great God, impress the serious thought,  
This day, on every breast ;  
That both the teachers and the taught,  
May enter in thy rest.

## 504

## C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, thy light and truth  
To us thy children send,  
That we may serve thee in our youth,  
And love thee to the end.
- 2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,  
The downward path we trod,  
Our wand'ring heart and wayward mind  
Were enemies to God.
- 3 But friends & guardians now, through grace,  
Our heedless steps restrain ;  
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,  
Which none shall seek in vain.



- 4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,  
From which salvation springs :  
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
With healing in thy wings.

505

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU art our Shepherd, glorious God ;  
Thy little flock behold,  
And guide us by thy staff and rod—  
The children of thy fold.
- 2 We praise thy name that we were brought  
To this delightful place,  
Where we are watch'd, & warn'd, & taught,  
The children of thy grace.
- 3 Oh may our friends and teachers here  
Meet all our souls above,  
And they and we in heaven appear—  
The children of thy love.
- 

## SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

506

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, at whose all-powerful call  
At first arose this beauteous frame !  
By thee the seasons change, and all  
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,  
From winter storms recover'd rise ;  
When thousand grateful scenes appear,  
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see  
The earth in vernal beauty drest!  
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,  
Thy blooming glories shine confest!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,  
And light and genial heat conveys;  
And, while he leads the seasons on,  
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,  
Stands the rich grain or purpled vine;  
At thy command they rise, to yield  
The strength'ning bread or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God! from every part  
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;  
We see; we taste;—let every heart  
With grateful love and duty glow.

## 507

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY providence, great God, we praise,  
How good and great are all thy ways!  
Thy bounty crowns our passing years,  
And dissipates our anxious fears.
- 2 Thy promise stands forever fast,  
While sun and moon, and earth shall last;  
The laws of season shall endure,  
Till time and stars are known no more.
- 3 Summer, and winter, cold, and heat,  
And night, and day, in order meet;  
Seed-time, and harvest, each succeed,  
To prove thy love—supply our need.
- 4 When years are past, and seasons o'er,  
We still shall prove thy cov'nant sure;

And in the shining realms of bliss,  
Adore thy goodness and thy grace.

508

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE flow'ry spring, at God's command,  
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,  
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;  
And winters, soften'd by his care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
And be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 4 And O, may each harmonious tongue  
In worlds unknown the praise prolong;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

509

C. M.

*Spring.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,  
How alter'd is the scene!  
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,  
The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers  
Beauteous around us spring;  
The birds, with joint harmonious powers,  
Invite our hearts to sing.
- 3 But ah! in vain I strive to join,  
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;

I feel 'tis winter still within,  
Though all is spring without.

4 O! would my Saviour, from on high,  
Break through these clouds and shine,  
No creature then more bless'd than I,  
No song more loud than mine.

5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,  
And overcome my foes;  
O make my languid graces thrive,  
And blossom like the rose.

510

C. M.

*Summer.*

1 **N**O praise th' ever-bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers;  
He calls, and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,  
My tongue, his goodness sing;  
Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop;  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow,  
The seeds of righteousness;  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
The rip'ning harvest bless.

5 Then in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop;

The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sown in hope.

511

C. M.

*Winter.*

- 1 **S**'TERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round ;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart ;  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring  
Thy soul-reviving ray ;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns ;  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore,  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter frowns no more.

## TEMPERANCE.

—

512

C. M.

- 1 **I**NTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,  
Is sweeping o'er the land ;  
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,  
Are trac'd on every hand.
- 2 It still flows on, and bears away  
Ten thousands to their doom :  
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,  
And disappoint the tomb ?
- 3 Almighty God ! no hand but thine  
Can check this flowing tide ;  
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,  
And bid the flood subside.
- 4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,  
Destroy its fountain head ;  
That dire Intemp'rance and its woes  
No more the earth o'erspread.

513

11. 11. 11. 12. 5. 11.

*The Drunkard's Lament.*

- 1 **M**ID sorrows and sadness I'm destin'd to  
roam,  
Forlorn and forsaken, depriv'd of my home,  
Intemp'rance hath robb'd me of all that was  
dear,  
Of my home in the skies, & my happiness here,  
Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a  
home.

- 2 I vainly presum'd, when I first took the cup,  
I could drink if I chose, or I could give it up :  
But I tamper'd too long, too long tempted  
    heaven,  
Till an outcast from God and his presence  
    I'm driven,  
    Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home,  
    On earth or in heaven I shall ne'er find a  
    home.
- 3 My heart-broken wife in her grave hath  
    found rest,  
And my children have gone to the land of  
    the blest ;  
While I, a poor wretch, a vile wand'rer like  
    Cain,  
With the "mark" of the beast on the earth  
    still remain.  
    Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
    How happy was I with my lov'd ones at  
    home !
- 4 Farewell to the social endearments of home !  
Justly loath'd by my fellows, I wander alone,  
For presumptuously sinning and tempting  
    the Lord,  
Of the fruit of my ways I must reap the re-  
    ward,  
    Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
    An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a  
    home.

- 1 **H**AIL, Temp'rance, fair celestial ray !  
Bright herald of a new-born day !

- Long did we need thy cheering light  
To chase away our darksome night.
- 2 Deep and appalling was the gloom—  
'Twas like the darkness of the tomb—  
When first our much delighted eyes  
Beheld thy beauteous beams arise.
- 3 'Twas God in mercy bade thee rise;  
We hail thee as a boon divine;  
And now in grateful strains would raise  
Our voices in his matchless praise.
- 4 Eternal Lord! we own thy grace  
In all that aids our guilty race.  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

515

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

*Female Aid required.*

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would hear  
Our supplicating cry;  
In our behalf appear,  
A Saviour ever nigh;  
And sweetly prompt each female's heart,  
To take with us an active part.
- 2 Ye Sarahs, now arise!  
Ye Miriams, all come forth!  
While Hannahs, truly wise,  
Now prove your genuine worth:  
No power like yours—save that above—  
'To teach sobriety and love.
- 3 Marys and Marthas, join,  
As vessels of his grace;



Counsel with love combine,  
To save our sinking race;  
To bid them of strong drinks beware,  
That they may shun the tempter's snare.

- 4 Come forth, ye lovely train!  
Your nobler powers display;  
Nor shall you plead in vain;  
But win the well-fought day.  
Mothers and maidens then shall sing,  
And earth with hallelujahs ring.
- 5 Each house shall then become  
A paradise below;  
And all enjoy a home,  
Where sweetest pleasures flow;  
And thousands join with sweet accord  
To praise the Saviour, Christ the Lord.

516

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 **R**OUND the Temp'rance standard rally,  
All the friends of human kind;  
Snatch the devotees of folly,  
Wretched, perishing, and blind:  
Loudly tell them  
How they comfort now may find.
- 2 Bear the blissful tidings onwards,  
Bear them all the world around:  
Let the myriads thronging downwards,  
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,  
And, obeying,  
In the paths of peace be found.
- 3 Plant the Temp'rance standard firmly,  
Round it live, and round it die;

Young and old defend it sternly,  
 Till we gain the victory,  
 And all nations  
 Hail the happy Jubilee.

- 4 Now unto the Lamb for ever,  
 Fountain of all light and love,  
 Let the glory now and ever  
 Be ascrib'd to Him above,  
 Whose compassion  
 Did the friends of Temp'rance move.

**517** C. M.

- 1 **O**N this glad day, O God, we would,  
 Through thy beloved Son,  
 Acknowledge Thee for all the good  
 That Temperance has done.
- 2 We thank Thee for the thousands sav'd  
 From soul-seducing drink,  
 Who by its power were long enslav'd,  
 And cast on ruin's brink.
- 3 O let thy Holy Spirit dwell  
 Where vice too long has reign'd;  
 For where thy mercy breaks the spell  
 The victory is gain'd.

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MARRIAGE.

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**518** C. M.

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear  
 To grace a marriage feast,  
 O Lord, we ask thy presence here,  
 To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands :  
Their union with thy favor crown,  
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love these souls unite,  
That they with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking mutual share.
- 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,  
And life's short space be o'er,  
May they in triumph reach that home,  
Where they shall part no more.

## 519

*4 lines 8s. & 7s.*

- 1 COME, thou condescending Jesus !  
Thou hast blest a marriage feast ;  
Come, and with thy presence bless us,  
Deign to be an honor'd guest.
- 2 Once at Cana's happy village,  
Thou didst heavenly joy impart ;  
Though unseen, may thy blest image  
Be inscrib'd on every heart.
- 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing  
On the happy pair to rest ;  
May thy goodness, never ceasing,  
Make them now and ever blest.
- 4 Thou canst change the course of nature,  
Turning water into wine ;  
But we ask a greater favour—  
May they be forever thine.
- 5 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,  
Thine by free and sovereign grace ;

May they, in each word and action,  
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

- 6 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,  
Storms are thick, and dangers nigh;  
O may constant pure devotion  
Guide them safe to realms on high.
- 

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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520

L. M.

- 1 **I**'M glad that I was born to die;  
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 2 I have some friends before me gone,  
And I'm resolv'd to follow on;  
They're happy round my Father's throne;  
They're looking out for me to come.
- 3 I hope to meet my brethren there,  
Who us'd to join with me in pray'r;  
If you get there before I do,  
Look out for me, I'm coming too.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;  
I hope to praise him after death:  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 5 And when to that bright world I come,  
And join my everlasting home,  
My soul shall there forever bloom,  
Until my body leaves the tomb.

- 6 Then all shall hear the solemn sound,  
Awake ye nations under ground !  
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,  
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.
- 7 There I shall see my glorious God,  
And triumph in his blest abode ;  
My theme, through all eternity,  
Shall glory, glory, glory, be !

521

4 8s. &amp; 2 6s.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot :  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear !  
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,  
Already sav'd from low design,  
From every creature love !  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue ;  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those that basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen ;  
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.
- 4 I have no babes to hold me here ;  
But children more securely dear  
For mine I humbly claim,  
Better than daughters or than son

Temples divine, of living stones,  
Inscrib'd with Jesus' name.

- 5 Though I no foot of land possess,  
Nor cottage in this wilderness :

A poor way-faring man,  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.

- 6 Nothing on earth I call my own ;  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise ;  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies.

- 7 There is my house and portion fair ;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home ;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come !

- 8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
I come to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest !  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to thy breast !

522

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE people called Christians,  
How many things they tell,  
About the land of Canaan,  
Where saints and angels dwell :

But sin, that dreadful ocean,  
Encloses them around,  
While time still divides them  
From Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient  
To find their passage through,  
And with united vigour,  
Have tried what they could do;  
But vessels built by human skill  
Have never sailed far,  
Till they're found run aground  
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The Gospel ship of Jesus  
Has launch'd the deep at last,  
Behold her sails suspended  
Around her towering masts;  
Around her decks, in order,  
The joyful sailors stand,  
Crying, O here we go  
To Immanuel's happy land.

4 To those who are spectators,  
What sorrow must ensue,  
To have their old companions  
Bid them a long adieu;  
The pleasures of a paradise  
No longer them invite;  
They may rail while we sail,  
But we'll soon be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean,  
We bid them all farewell,  
But where we shall cast anchor,  
No mortal tongue can tell;

About our future happiness  
There needs be no debate,  
While we ride on the tide  
With our Captain and his mate.

- 6 We're passengers united  
In harmony and love !  
The wind is in our favour,  
How joyfully we move :  
Though troubles may surround us  
And raging billows roar,  
We will sweep through the deep,  
Till we land on Canaan's shore.

523

C. M.

- 1 **W**IDE is the gate, and broad the way,  
Which leads to endless woe !  
My soul, behold what multitudes  
Down to perdition go ?
- 2 But yonder see that narrow path,  
Which leads to endless bliss—  
There see a happy chosen few,  
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.
- 3 They from destruction's city came,  
To Zion upward tend :  
The Bible is their precious map,  
And God himself their friend.
- 4 Dear Lord ! I would a pilgrim be,  
Guide thou my feet aright ;  
I would not for ten thousand worlds,  
Be banish'd from thy sight.
- 5 'Tis heaven to see thy blissful face—  
I long to dwell above,



To feast on thy unbounded stores,  
And praise redeeming love.

524

L. M.

- 1 **G**O, my beloved husband, go,  
And loud the gospel trumpet blow,  
Proclaim to Adam's fallen race  
The riches of redeeming grace.
- 2 Warn sinners of their dreadful state,  
That they repent ere it's too late,  
And point them to a Saviour's blood,  
That they may know a pard'ning God.
- 3 Exhort believers not to rest  
Short of the mind that Christ possess'd,  
'Till they are sav'd and cleans'd from sin,  
And perfectly renew'd within.
- 4 See souls regardless of all good,  
Rushing with speed the downward road;  
And Christians setting on their lees,  
Intent on honors, pleasures, ease.
- 5 Go, then, my love, be strong, be bold,  
The great reward is yet untold,  
That waits the faithful sons of God,  
On Zion's peaceful blest abode.
- 6 It's very painful to my heart,  
With him I love so oft to part,  
And nature drops the silent tear,  
But Jesus whispers, I am here.
- 7 Then whilst his love he doth reveal,  
Thro' all my soul a heaven I feel;  
Then I can part with all that's dear,  
And grace restrains the falling tear.

- 8 Then let us cheerfully sustain  
A few more days of toil and pain,  
Till we are call'd with those above,  
To sing the wonders of his love.

525

P. M.

*"All is well."*

- 1 **W**HAT'S this that steals, that steals  
upon my frame?  
Is it death? is it death?  
That soon will quench, will quench this  
vital flame?  
Is it death? is it death?  
If this be death, I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free;  
I shall the King of glory see:  
All is well, all is well.
- 2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not  
for me,  
All is well, all is well.  
My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free,  
All is well, all is well.  
There's not a cloud that doth arise,  
To hide my Saviour from mine eyes:  
I soon shall mount the upper skies:  
All is well, all is well.
- 3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye  
saints in glory,  
All is well, all is well,  
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,  
All is well, all is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,  
'They're round my bed, they're in my room,  
'They wait to waft my spirit home ;  
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and Master  
calls me ;

All is well, all is well.

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory ;

All is well, all is well.

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,

I can no longer stay with you,

My glitt'ring crown appears in view ;

All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-wash'd  
throng,

Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace,

I come to join, to join your rapt'rous song,

Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace ;

All, all is peace and joy divine,

And heaven and glory now are mine ;

O hallelujah to the Lamb,

All is well, all is well.

526

C. M.

1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue ;  
His new discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;

His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy through the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields of cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,  
His glorious train display;  
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,  
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless  
The nations as their God;  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

527      8 lines 9s. & 8s., & 1 10.

1 **R**ELIGION is a glorious treasure,  
Diffusion of the Saviour's love;  
The Spirit's comfort without measure;  
It joins our souls to those above;  
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows—  
It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea;  
While endless ages are onward rolling,  
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

2 While journeying here thro' tribulations,  
In phalanx firm we'll march along:  
Contentions may divide the nations,  
But Christ shall be our common song—  
For pure religion knits together—  
It binds in love but makes us free:  
While endless ages are onward rolling,  
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 3 How vain ! how frail ! how transitory !  
This world, with all its pomp and show ;  
Its mighty names, renown'd in story—  
We'll gladly leave them all below.  
A brighter object now enraptures—  
In Christ alone we beauties see :  
While endless ages are onward rolling,  
This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 4 Our earthly house is fast dissolving,  
And mortal life will soon be o'er ;  
The cares within us now revolving,  
Will soon afflict our hearts no more ;  
But pure religion lasts forever ;  
In death our souls shall strengthen'd be ;  
While endless ages are onward rolling,  
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

528

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to mine ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet ;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;

The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath;  
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

529

C. M.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below :  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,  
Or aught the world bestows ;  
Nor reputation, food, or health,  
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be join'd with godly fear ;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.

530

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT poor despised company  
Of travelers are these,

That walk in yonder narrow way,  
Along the rugged maze ?

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,  
All children of a King ;  
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
And lo ! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,  
And why so much despis'd ?  
Because of their rich robes unseen,  
The world is not appris'd.

4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,  
And lacking daily bread ;  
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,  
With hidden manna fed.

5 But why keep they the narrow road,  
That rugged thorny maze ?  
Why that's the way their Leader trod,—  
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why do they shun the pleasing path,  
That worldlings love so well ?  
Because that is the road to death,  
The open road to hell.

7 What, is there then no other road,  
To Salem's happy ground ?  
Christ is the only way to God,  
No other can be found.

531

L. M.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens (a shining frame)  
 'Their great Original proclaim :  
 Th' unweari'd sun from day to day,  
 Doth his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amid the radiant orbs be found ;  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

532

10s.

- 1 **T**HOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy  
     silver streams,  
 Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's  
     pale beams  
 Shone bright on the waters, would frequently  
     stray,  
 And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the  
     day.



- 2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his  
head!  
How hard was his pillow, how humble his  
bed!  
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the  
sight,  
And follow'd their Master with solemn  
delight.
- 3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honor'd spot,  
'The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;  
'The theme most transporting to seraphs  
above;  
'The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!
- 4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow  
at his feet!  
O, give him the glory, the praise that is  
meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the  
skies.

## 533

## C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a breeze of heavenly love,  
To waft my soul away  
To the celestial world above,  
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be  
My pilot here below,  
To steer thro' life's tempestuous sea,  
Where angry tempests blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,  
From quicksands of despair;

Oh guide me safe to Canaan's land,  
Through every latent snare.

- 4 Anchor me in that port above,  
On that celestial shore,  
Where dashing billows never move,  
Where tempests never roar.

534

8 lines 8s. &amp; 7s.

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
Come and bid our jarrings cease ;  
Come, Oh come ! and reign for ever,  
God of love, and Prince of peace ;  
Visit, now, poor bleeding Zion,  
Hear thy people mourn and weep,  
Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,  
Some for Cephas—none agree ;  
Jesus, let us hear thee call us ;  
Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;  
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,  
Over every hind'rance leap ;  
Not kept back by force, or numbers—  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit—  
We've been sinners from our youth ;  
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,  
Which shall teach us all thy truth ;  
On thy gospel word we'll venture,  
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,  
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour—  
Oh ! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

535

P. M.

- 1 **Y**E soldiers of Jesus pray stand to your  
arms,  
Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarms,  
The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers  
and see,  
The standard and colours of sweet liberty.
- 2 Tho' Satan's black trumpet is sounding so  
near,  
Take courage brave soldiers, his armies we  
dare :  
In the strength of King Jesus we dare him  
to fight,  
We'll put his black armies of aliens to flight.
- 3 In the mount of salvation, in Christ's ar-  
moury,  
Are swords, shields, and breast-plates and  
helmets for thee ;  
Be not faint-hearted though he roars like a  
flood,  
He'll not stand before the bright armies of  
God.
- 4 To battle, to battle, the trumpets do sound,  
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around :  
The signal for vict'ry ! hark ! hark ! from  
the sky,  
Shout, shout ye brave armies, the watchmen  
all cry.
- 5 As the great Goliah, Appolyon shall fall ;  
With the sword of the Spirit we'll conquer  
them all ;

We'll leave no opposers alive in the field,  
By the strength of Jehovah we'll force them  
to yield.

6 Thro' Jesus, our wisdom, we'll baffle his  
rage;  
My heart beats for conquest, come soldiers  
engage;  
The trumpets are sounding—the armies ap-  
pear,  
We'll not leave one standing from front to  
the rear.

7 King Jesus is riding the white horse before,  
The watchmen close after, the trumpet doth  
roar;  
Some shouting, some singing, salvation they  
cry,  
In the strength of King Jesus all hell we  
defy.

8 Fair Zion's a shouting to her conquering  
King,  
Salvation to Jesus, the armies do sing:  
Apollyon we've conquer'd and sunk in the  
flood:  
O who can withstand the bright armies of  
God?

9 Behold all the armies are now marching  
home,  
God's trumpet is sounding, and bids them  
to come,  
All Zion's fair armies together do meet,  
And lay down their armour at Jesus's feet.

- 10 The angelic army with Zion combines;  
In robes of bright glory eternally shines;  
All shouting and singing on Canaan's  
    bright shore,  
Where wars and commotions can reach  
    them no more.
- 11 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, the time's  
    drawing nigh,  
When we shall meet Jesus' bright host in  
    the sky,  
Our friends and relations in Jesus so dear,  
Both preachers and people shall then meet  
    us there.
- 12 We'll join the bright harpers in anthems  
    divine,  
Whose crowns with bright diamonds the  
    sun do outshine;  
To the praise of King Jesus we'll tune our  
    harps then:  
Salvation and glory to Jesus, Amen.

586

P. M.

- 1 **O**UR bondage it shall end by and by,  
From Egypt's yoke set free;  
Hail the glorious Jubilee,  
And to Canaan we'll return by and by.
- 2 Our deliv'rer he shall come by and by,  
And our sorrows have an end,  
With our threescore years and ten  
And vast glory crown the day by and by.
- 3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on,  
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,

- Lo Sinai's God is near,  
While the fiery pillar moves we'll go on.
- 4 Tho' Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on,  
Tho' Baca's vale be dry,  
And the land yield no supply;  
'To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.
- 5 And when to Jordan's floods we are come,  
Jehovah rules the tide,  
And the waters he'll divide,  
And the ransom'd host shall shout we are come.
- 6 Then friends shall meet again, who have lov'd,  
Our embraces shall be sweet  
At the dear Redeemer's feet, [lov'd.  
When we meet to part no more, who have
- 7 'Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice,  
Shouting glory to our King,  
'Till the vaults of heaven ring,  
And thro' all eternity we'll rejoice.

537

P. M.

- 1 **S**HED not a tear o'er your friend's early  
bier;—  
When I am gone—when I am gone—  
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall  
hear—  
When I am gone—when I am gone—  
Weep not for me when you stand round my  
grave;  
Think who has died his beloved to save;  
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall  
have;  
When I am gone—I am gone.

- 2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me;—  
 When I am gone—when I am gone—  
 Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see:  
 When I am gone—I am gone—  
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day;  
 Come when the sun sheds his last lingering  
     ray;  
 Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away;  
 When I am gone—I am gone.
- 3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed;  
 When I am gone—when I am gone—  
 Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead;  
 When I am gone—I am gone—  
 Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all  
     care;  
 Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may  
     share;  
 Look up on high and believe I am there;  
 When I am gone—I am gone.—

538

L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven above the skies,  
 A heaven where pleasure never dies;  
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,  
 Yet often fear 'tis not for me.

## CHORUS.

*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, oh hallelujah !  
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend !*

- 2 The way is difficult and straight,  
 And narrow is the gospel gate;

Ten thousand dangers are therein ;  
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

*But Jesus, &c.*

- 3 I travel through a world of foes,  
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,  
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,  
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

*But Jesus, &c.*

- 4 Thro' glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,  
Dimly the heavenly way appears ;  
But in this way methinks I see  
'The track of him who died for me.

*But Jesus, &c.*

- 5 I trace the footsteps of my God,  
Who on the cross sustain'd my load ;  
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,  
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.

*But Jesus, &c.*

- 6 Come life, come death, come then what will,  
His footsteps I will follow still ;  
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,  
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

*But Jesus, &c.*

- 7 Then, oh my soul, arise and sing ;  
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King !  
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,  
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown."

*But Jesus, &c.*

- 8 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days ;  
Fight the good fight, and win the race ;



And then thy soul with me shall reign,  
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

*But Jesus, &c.*

- 9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

*But Jesus, &c.*

539

8 lines 8s.

- 1 **Y**E angels who mortals attend,  
And minister comfort in woe,  
Come, listen, ye heavenly friends,  
My happier story to know,  
I sing of a theme most sublime,  
No sorrow my song can control—  
I sing of the rapturous time,  
When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,  
Because I had wander'd from God,  
I strove my sad case to bewail,  
My sins were a cumberous load ;  
O Saviour have mercy I cried !  
O pardon a wretch that's so vile !  
Then quickly his blood was applied,  
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 3 My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,  
Was chas'd in a moment away ;  
The joy of my soul newly born  
Increas'd like the dawning of day,  
My Saviour redeem'd me from sin,  
He saves not in part but in whole ;

He writes his salvation within,  
For oh ! he spoke peace to my soul.

4 I now am so bless'd with his love,  
I covet not earth's greatest store ;  
He visits me oft from above—  
I have him, I want nothing more :  
Resign'd to his pleasure I'd live,  
Till time's latest circle shall roll,  
His utmost salvation receive,  
For oh ! he spoke peace to my soul.

5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,  
No danger my soul can affright,  
While onward to mansions of day  
I go in Immanuel's might :  
Though earth in convulsions shall rend,  
From th' centre quite thro' to each pole,  
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,  
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

6 Ye angels who wait while I sing,  
And patiently hear my glad song,  
Come bear me to Jesus, my King,  
To join with the heavenly throng.  
'Tis there I'll eternally feast,  
On joys that enrapture the whole ;  
All heaven would welcome the guest,  
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,  
Farewell to my friends and my foes ;  
I haste from these scenes to the skies,  
Where pleasure eternally flows :  
He bids me leave all for his sake—  
I'll run till I reach the bless'd goal ;

Then me to his arms he will take,  
Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

540

8 lines 8s. &amp; 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken—  
    *Thou* from hence my all shalt be?  
Perish, every fond ambition—  
    All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition—  
    God and heaven are all my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—  
    They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hopes and looks deceive me,  
    *Thou* art not, like them, untrue;  
And while *Thou* shalt smile upon me,  
    God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Friends may hate, and foes may scorn me,  
    Show thy face, and all is right.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;  
    Come, disaster, scorn and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
    With thy favor loss is gain.  
I have call'd thee Abba Father—  
    I have set my heart on thee;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
    All must work for good to me.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation—  
    Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station,  
    Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what heavenly bliss is thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to save thee—  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine.

- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r—  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there;  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

541

P. M.

- 1 **W**HILE wand'ring to and fro,  
 In this wide world of wo,  
 Where streams of sorrow flow.

## CHORUS.

*Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—  
 Give me Jesus—  
 You may have all this world—  
 Give me Jesus.*

- 2 When tears o'erflow mine eye;  
 When press'd by grief I sigh;  
 Still this shall be my cry,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*
- 3 When to the mercy seat  
 I go my Lord to meet,  
 My heart shall still repeat,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*
- 4 And when my faith is tried,  
 In Him will I confide,  
 And all the storms outside;—  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

5 Though strength and friends should fail,  
 And foes my soul assail,  
 Through Him I shall prevail :—  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

6 And when my toils are o'er,  
 When nearing Jordan's shore,  
 I'll shout as up I soar,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

7 When at the judgment seat,  
 I stand at Jesus' feet,  
 When worlds on worlds shall meet,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,  
 When time shall cease to be,  
 Through all eternity.  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

542

P. M.

*Jacob's Ladder.*

1 **A**S Jacob on travel was wearied by day,  
 At night on a stone for a pillow he lay,  
 A vision appear'd—a ladder so high,  
 With its foot on the earth and its top in  
 the sky.

## CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to Jesus who died on the tree,  
 To raise up this ladder of mercy for me.*

2 The sight was so pleasing, the angelic throng  
 With delight to ascend and descend thereon,

And God rich in mercy who stands at the  
top,  
T' embrace all the ransom'd who safely get  
up.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

3 This ladder is long, it is strong and well  
made,  
It stood thousands of years and is not yet  
decay'd,  
It's so free of access, all the world may get  
up,  
And angels will guard them from bottom to  
top.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

4 This ladder is Jesus, the glorious God-man,  
Whose blood richly streaming from Calvary  
ran,  
On his perfect atonement to heaven we rise,  
And sing in the mansions prepar'd in the  
skies.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

5 Come let us ascend, be bold, never fear,  
It stood every tempest and always will bear,  
For millions have tried it, and reached Zion's  
hill;  
And thousands by faith are climbing it still.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

6 Our fathers upon it have mounted to God,  
Have finish'd their labors and reached their  
abode,

And we're climbing after and soon shall be  
there,  
'To join in their rapture, their happiness  
share.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

543

P. M.

*The beautiful Land.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land immortal,  
The beautiful of lands ;  
Beside the ancient portal  
A sentry grimly stands.  
He only can undo it,  
And open wide the door ;  
And mortals who pass through it,  
Are mortals never more.
- 2 That glorious land is Heaven,  
And Death the sentry grim ;  
The Lord therefore has given  
The op'ning keys to him.  
And ransom'd spirits, sighing  
And sorrowful for sin,  
Do pass the gate in dying,  
And freely enter in.
- 3 Though dark and drear the passage  
That leadeth to the gate,  
Yet grace comes with the message,  
'To souls that watch and wait ;  
And, at the time appointed,  
A messenger comes down,

And leads the Lord's anointed  
From the Cross to Glory's crown.

- 4 Their sighs are lost in singing,  
They're blessed in their tears;  
Their journey heavenward winging,  
They leave to Earth their fears.  
Death like an angel seemeth—  
"We welcome thee," they cry;  
Their face with glory beameth—  
'Tis life for them to die.

544

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE faithless world promiscuous flow,  
Enrapt in fancy's vision;  
Allur'd by sounds, beguil'd by show,  
And empty dreams, nor scarcely know,  
There is a brighter Heaven.
- 2 Fine gold will change and diamonds fade,  
Swift wings to wealth are given,  
All varying time our forms invade,  
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade—  
There's nothing lasts but Heaven.
- 3 Creation's mighty fabric all,  
Will be to atoms riven;  
The sky consumed, the planets fall,  
Convulsions rock this earthly ball—  
There's nothing firm but Heaven.
- 4 Empires decay and nations die,  
Our hopes to winds are given,  
The vernal bloom in ruin lies;  
Death reigns o'er all below the skies—  
There's nothing lives but Heaven.



- 5 The world is poor from shore to shore,  
And like a baseless vision ;  
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,  
And gems and crowns, are vain and poor,  
There's nothing rich but Heaven.
- 6 A stranger lonely here I roam,  
From place to place I'm driven ;  
My friends are gone and I'm in gloom ;  
'This earth is all a lonely tomb—  
I have no home but Heaven.
- 7 The clouds disperse, the light appears,  
My sins are all forgiven ;  
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears ;  
Roll on ye suns, fly swift ye years—  
I'm on my way to Heaven.
- 8 Adieu to all below, adieu,  
Let life's dull chain be riven ;  
The charms of Christ have caught my view,  
The world of light I will pursue—  
To live with him in Heaven.

545

P. M.

- 1 GLORY to Jesus for his love,  
Flowing to every nation,  
Bowels of sweet compassion move,  
Off'ring free salvation.  
Here may the poor, the lame, the blind,  
Every needed blessing find :  
Justice and mercy here combine,  
Off'ring free salvation.
- 2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms,  
Why will you slight his favor ?

Now he invites you to his charms,  
 Willing to be your Saviour.  
 O that you would on him believe,  
 All your transgressions he'll forgive;  
 Comfort and peace shall you receive,  
 Flowing from Christ for ever.

- 3 Now is the time no more delay,  
 Fly from the path of nature;  
 Fear not what scoffing sinners say;  
 Yield to your great Creator.  
 So shall your dying souls obtain  
 Freedom from all your guilt and pain;  
 So shall you soon in glory reign,  
 Praising your great Creator.
- 4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring—  
 "Glory to God our Saviour!"  
 Angels and saints shall join to sing  
 Praises for all his favor.  
 Then shall the theme of perfect love,  
 Sounding through all the courts above,  
 Every tuneful passion move,  
 Praising the Lord for ever.

5-16

6 lines 8s.

*Atonement.*

- 1 **V**ICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,  
 While thus thy precious death we show;  
 Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,  
 In thy great temple here below;  
 Thou didst for all mankind atone,  
 And standest now before the throne.
- 2 Thou standest in thy holy place,  
 As now for guilty sinners slain;

- 'The blood of sprinkling speaks and prays,  
 All prevalent for helpless man ;  
 'Thy blood is still our ransom found,  
 And speaks salvation all around.
- 3 The smoke of thy atonement here  
 Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,  
 Made the new way to heaven appear,  
 And show'd the great Invisible ;  
 Well pleas'd in thee our God looks down,  
 And calls his rebels to a crown.
- 4 He still respects thy sacrifice ;  
 Its savour sweet doth always please ;  
 'The offering smokes through earth & skies,  
 Diffusing life, and joy, and peace ;  
 To these thy lower courts it comes,  
 And fills them with divine perfumes.
- 5 We need not now go up to heaven,  
 To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;  
 Thou art to all already given,  
 Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown :  
 To every faithful soul appear,  
 And show thy real presence here.

547

L. M.

*First Part.*

- 1 **O** THOU that hangedst on the tree,  
 Our curse and suff'rings to remove,  
 Pity the souls that look to thee,  
 And save us by thy dying love.
- 2 We have no outward righteousness,  
 No merits or good works, to plead ;

We only can be sav'd by grace,  
Thy grace will here be free indeed.

- 3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,  
A faith thou must thyself impart;  
A faith that would by works be shown,  
A faith that purifies the heart.
- 4 A faith that doth the mountains move,  
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,  
A faith that sweetly works by love,  
And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 5 This is the faith we humbly seek,  
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;  
That faith which doth for sinners speak,  
O let it speak us up to God!

548

L. M.

*Second Part.*

- 1 **C**ANST thou reject our dying pray'r,  
Or cast us out who come to thee?  
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear?  
Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 Number'd with the transgressors thou,  
Between the felons crucified,  
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,  
Wherefore hast thou for sinners died?
- 3 For us wast thou not lifted up?  
For us a bleeding victim made?  
That we, the objects we, might hope,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.
- 4 O might we, with believing eyes,  
Thee in thy bloody vesture see;

And cast us on thy sacrifice !  
 Jesus, my Lord, remember me !

549

4 6s. &amp; 2 8s.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
 His throne is built on high ;  
 The garments he assumes  
 Are light and majesty :  
 His glories shine with beams so bright,  
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand  
 Keep the wide world in awe ;  
 His wrath and justice stand  
 To guard his holy law ;  
 And where his love resolves to bless,  
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his mighty works  
 Amazing wisdom shines ;  
 Confounds the powers of hell ;  
 And breaks their dark designs ;  
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
 His great decrees and sovereign will.
- 4 And will this sovereign King ,  
 Of glory condescend ?  
 And will he write his name,  
 My Father and my Friend ?  
 I love his name, I love his word :  
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

550

P. M.

- 1 **L**O ! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

- Yet how insensible :  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress :  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And wake to righteousness !
- 3 Before me place in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear,  
 Eternal bliss t' insure ;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale, to live  
 And reign with thee above :  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught  
 To aim the dreadful blow,

- When he Goliath fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low ?  
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King  
 Who sent him to the fight ;  
 Who gave him strength to sling,  
 And skill to aim aright.  
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures  
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,  
 To storm th' invader's camp,  
 With arms of little worth,  
 A pitcher and a lamp ?  
 The trumpets made his coming known,  
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,  
 When with a single word  
 God helping me to say,  
 "My trust is in the Lord,"  
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,  
 Self-righteousness and pride,  
 How often do they steal  
 My weapon from my side !  
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's Friend  
 Will help his servant to the end.

552

P. M.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace,

Rise from transitory things,  
T'wards heaven, thy native place.  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time will soon this earth remove ;  
Rise my soul and haste away  
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fires ascend and seek the sun,  
Both speed them to their source.  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to see his glorious face,  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly my riches, fly my cares  
While I that course explore :  
Flatt'ring world with all your snares,  
Solicit me no more :  
Pilgrims fix not here their home,  
Strangers tarry but a night :  
When the last dear morn shall come,  
We'll rise to glorious light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize,  
Soon the Saviour will return,  
Triumphant through the skies.  
Yet a season and you'll know,  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All your sorrows left below,  
And earth exchange'd for heaven.

553

P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN for eternal worlds we steer,  
And seas are calm and skies are clear,



And faith in lively exercise,  
And distant hills of Canaan rise :  
'The soul for joy then claps her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
I'm going home.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore,  
Each landmark on the distant shore ;  
'The trees of life, the pastures green,  
'The golden streets, the crystal stream :  
Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
I'm almost home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,  
More eager all her powers expand ;  
With steady helm, and free bent sail,  
Her anchor drops within the veil ;  
Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And her celestial sonnet sings,  
I'm safe at home.

554

C. M.

1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,  
My spirit doth rejoice  
In God, my Saviour, and my Fort ;  
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,  
Who have a feast at home ;  
My sighs are now turn'd into songs,—  
'The Comforter is come.

3 Down from on high, the blessed Dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love ;  
'This is my heavenly feast.

- 4 There is a stream that issues forth  
 From God's eternal throne,  
 And from the Lamb, a living stream,  
 Clear as the crystal stone.
- 5 That stream doth water paradise;  
 It makes the angels sing;  
 One cordial drop revives my heart;  
 Hence all my joys do spring.

555

P. M.

- 1 **M**ARY to the Saviour's tomb,  
 Hasted at the early dawn;  
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,  
 But the Lord she loved, had gone:  
 For awhile she ling'ring stood,  
 Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;  
 Trembling while a crystal flood,  
 Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,  
 When she heard his welcome voice:  
 Christ had risen from the dead;  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice:  
 What a change his word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!  
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

556

C. M.

*Universal Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! in every age,  
 In every clime ador'd,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

- 2 Thou Great First Cause, least understood;  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that 'Thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;
- 3 Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,  
Left free the human will:
- 4 What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than Heaven pursue.
- 5 What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives:  
'T' enjoy is to obey.
- 6 Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.
- 7 Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe.
- 8 If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay:  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way.
- 9 Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

- 10 Teach me to feel another's wo,  
To hide the fault I see :  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.
- 11 Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.
- 12 This day, be bread and peace my lot :  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.
- 13 To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !  
One chorus let all beings raise !  
All nature's incense rise !

557

C. M.

- 1 **G**IVER of concord, Prince of peace,  
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,  
Bid our unruly passions cease,  
By thy atoning blood.
- 2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,  
Our stubborn wills control,  
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,  
And calm our troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,  
Its enmity destroy ;  
With cords of love our spirits bind,  
And melt us into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,  
And in our inward parts

Let kindness sweetly write her law,  
And love command our hearts.

5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,  
Our jarring wills control,  
Let cordial, kind affections rise,  
And harmonize the soul.

6 O let us find the good old way  
Our wond'ring foes to move,  
And force the heathen world to say,  
"See how these Christians love!"

558

C. M.

1 **L**IFT up your hearts to things above,  
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,  
And join with us to praise his love,  
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,  
Whose mercies never end;  
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!  
The King is now our Friend.

3 We, for his sake, count all things loss,  
On earthly things look down;  
And joyfully sustain the cross,  
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works t' approve,  
By holy, purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love.

559

C. M.

1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame;

- I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time :  
Man is but vanity and dust  
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore—  
They toil for heirs they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,  
From creatures, earth, and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.

560

C. M.

- 1 **O**H, if my soul were form'd for wo,  
How would I vent my sighs !  
Repentance should like rivers flow,  
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groan'd away his dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my God ;  
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood.

- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart hath so decreed ;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murd'ers too.

561

P. M.

- 1 **Y**E visions bright of heavenly birth,  
Ye glories of the latter day,  
Descend upon the fallen earth,  
And chase the shades of night away ;  
Bid streams of love and mercy flow,  
'Thro' every vale of human wo ;  
'Till sin, and care, and sorrow cease,  
And all the world is hush'd to peace.
- 2 How long amid this dying race,  
Shall desolation hold her reign,  
How long shall men despise the grace,  
And love of Him who once was slain ?  
How long shall heathen bow the knee,  
To gods that neither hear nor see ?  
Ye scenes of bliss, so long foretold,  
When will your radiant hues unfold ?
- 3 The gospel of the living God,  
Shall echo the wide earth around,  
Till every place of man's abode,  
Shall know the joy inspiring sound :  
Who can the heavenly scene portray ?  
Who can describe the glorious day ?  
We hail its glimm'rings from afar ;  
We hail the bright, the Morning Star ?

562

P. M.

- 1 **T**HIS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross;  
But the Saviour's power to know  
Sanctifying every loss.  
Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain and toil;  
These spring up and choak the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil:  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to pray'r,  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisements by the way;  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a cast-away;  
Bastards may escape the rod,  
Sunken in earthly vain delight;  
But the true born child of God,  
Must not, would not, if he might.

563

L. M.

- 1 **O** God, thou art my God alone,  
Early to thee my soul shall cry,  
A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Oh, that it were as it hath been,  
When, praying in the holy place,



- Thy power and glory I have seen,  
 And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace!
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,  
 I follow hard on thee, my God;  
 Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways,  
 I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,  
 Will I remember on my bed;  
 Thy presence makes the darkness light,  
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love,  
 Dearer than all beside to me;  
 For whom have I in heaven above,  
 Or what on earth compar'd with Thee?
- 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
 Will I for all thy mercies give;  
 My soul shall still in God rejoice,  
 My tongue shall bless thee whilst I live.

561

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT is life?—a rapid stream,  
 Rolling onward to the ocean.  
 What is life?—a troubled dream,  
 Full of incident and motion.
- 2 What is life?—the arrow's flight,  
 That mocks the keenest gazer's eye.  
 What is life?—a gleam of light,  
 Darting through a stormy sky.
- 3 What is life?—a varied tale,  
 Deeply moving, quickly told.  
 What is life?—a vision pale,  
 Vanishing while we behold.

- 4 What is life ?—a smoke, a vapour,  
Swiftly mingling with the air.  
What is life ?—a dying taper,  
The spark that glows to disappear.
- 5 What is life ?—a flower that blows,  
Nipp'd by the frost, and quickly dead.  
What is life ?—the full-blown rose,  
That's scorch'd at noon and withered.
- 6 Such is life,—a breath, a span,  
A moment quickly gone from thee.  
What is death ?—Oh ! mortal man !  
Thy entrance on eternity.

## 565

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire t' impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze,  
And trembling, to its source return,  
In humble love and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think for thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat ;  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

566

P. M.

- 1 **C**OME brethren and sisters that love my  
dear Lord,  
I pray give attention, and hear to my word.  
What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see,  
What a tender kind Saviour has done for  
poor me.
- 2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,  
I thought that in torments I soon should be  
cast ;  
No peace to my conscience, but all misery,  
'Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.
- 3 O sinner ! said Jesus, for you I have died ;  
All glory to Jesus ! my soul then replied ;  
'The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,  
'The blood was applied, the witness & voice.
- 4 On my low bended knees, before God I did fall,  
And glory to Jesus ! for he's all in all—  
'The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,  
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
- 5 'There was peace now in heaven, and peace  
upon earth ;  
The angels rejoic'd at a poor sinner's birth ;  
"Your sins are forgiven," my Saviour did say ;  
O witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-day.
- 6 My soul it was humbl'd, I fell to the ground,  
The time of refreshing at length I have found ;  
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with  
thy charms,  
Let me die like old Simeon, with Christ in  
my arms.

## DOXOLOGIES.

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L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, we bless thee now,  
To thee our souls and bodies bow:  
With humblest awe fall down before  
Thy throne, and joyfully adore.  
God of our ancestors, we praise  
The Father, Son, and Spirit of Grace!  
One glorious God, in Persons Three!  
Our God to all eternity.

568

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below:  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

569

P. M.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

570

C. M.

- 1 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be everlasting honors paid,  
Henceforth, forevermore.

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THE END.









